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THE OPPOSITION AND THE CRIMES BILL.

THE art of doing a disgraceful thing in a more or less graceful way is rather an uncommon one, and it is certainly not numbered among the many accomplishments of Mr. GLADSTONE. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it is one which, if he possesses it at all, he has learned to regard with an indifference cynically complete. The prolonged banquet of adulation—a feast in which coarse plenty has made up for rank and fulsome savour—wherewith Mr. GLADSTONE has been regaled is enough to have ruined the moral and intellectual taste of any man; and even if he can still discriminate between the decent and the indecent in political profligacy, he is certainly justified by the attitude of a considerable number of his countrymen in thinking that it is not worth his while to exercise such a discrimination. At any rate, his whole attitude with respect to the Crimes Bill, the steps which he has taken and omitted to take, the words which he has left unsaid no less than those which he has uttered, reveal to us a man who feels that the last rag of conventional drapery may just as well be stripped from the nakedness of self-seeking, and that any one who might be shocked at the spectacle of an aged statesman openly leagued with the enemies of the State must nevertheless be content to “take him as he finds him.” By fancying ourselves in the worst historical period of English politics, we can just conceive the leader of an Opposition stooping to the part which Mr. GLADSTONE has now undertaken to play; but no one save our own Mr. GLADSTONE—the Mr. GLADSTONE of whom power, and ambition, and flattery have made the thing we now behold—could we verily believe have played that part with anything like the shameless conscientiousness which he has thrown into it. Some politicians would have laboured hard to justify their action by sophistical argument. Mr. GLADSTONE, master of sophistry as he is, has hardly condescended to call its arts into requisition. Most men who found themselves arrayed by party exigencies on the side of disorder against order would have been anxious to show that they had no natural predilection for their ally, or prepossession against their adversary. Mr. GLADSTONE has gone out of his way to signify both one and the other. He can hardly refer to the friends of FORD and SHERIDAN without some nauseous compliment, nor to the unfortunate classes on whom they have laid their iron despotism without something resembling either a rebuke or a sneer. He has managed to make two long speeches on the side of “liberty” without one word of sincere commiseration for the men who are forbidden to buy wholesome food for their children, or to hire the spade of the gravedigger for their dead; and he cannot even refer to the brutal indignity inflicted on an unhappy girl without reminding men that the “pitch-cap” was “an invention of the governors of Ireland.” He has, indeed, so completely thrown all the proprieties to the winds that he did not even care to dissociate himself by a single word of rebuke—a very mild word would have sufficed to save appearances—from the demonstrations of brutal rowdiness with which Mr. BALFOUR’s speech was received last Monday night on the Irish benches. From the silence of the front Opposition bench on this subject to active participation in the disorderly interruptions of the Parnellites there is but one step, and that a very short one. If in a little while we find Mr. GLADSTONE openly accepting the position of fagman to the HEALYS and TANNERS below the gangway, it will give us very little surprise.

The attitude of the Opposition with respect to the Crimes Bill is of so much more importance than their arguments—which, indeed, were mostly met and demolished in the preliminary debate—that we may hold ourselves absolved from the duty of discussing the latter at any length. Broadly speaking, they consist of a series of feeble attempts to overthrow the facts of the Ministerial case by a counter-statement of facts which, when they rest on any authority at all, have no real bearing on the immediate question. Mr. GLADSTONE’s elaborate attempt to prove that agrarian crime has not increased since 1885 would, if it had been successful, have enabled him to say—what? Exactly what was said a year and a half ago in these columns—namely, that the state of Ireland in 1885 was not such as to justify the Government of the day in allowing the Crimes Act to lapse. What this has to do with the question whether the error then committed should be now corrected, we leave it to the acceptors of Mr. GLADSTONE’s argument to show. As regards the more formidable part of the Ministerial case—its demonstration of the tyranny of the National League and the subjection of the tenantry to its rule—Mr. GLADSTONE had nothing to rely upon but the unworthy device of discrediting the evidence of the Irish judges—men in many instances of his own selection, and all of them as much entitled to the credit of integrity and impartiality, when speaking on a matter of this sort, as any of the many English judges who pass from Parliament to the Bench. The arguments of the Opposition are scarcely worthy, in fact, of the attention of the public. What it does concern the public to notice is the temper of the leading Gladstonians, and especially such painful illustrations of it as that which was given last Thursday night, when Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who came last Session, as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL said, “within an ace of suspension,” had actually to be rebuked by the SPEAKER for insulting aspersions on the impartiality of the Chair.

RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

THE consolidation of Prince BISMARCK’s power by his triumph in the elections and in the Reichstag has taken away much of the interest of the situation as between France and Germany. But Europe has been too thoroughly fluttered by the events of the last two years to recover composure at once, and as attention is diverted from Berlin and Paris, it directs itself all the more anxiously to St. Petersburg and Vienna. Less authentic information is obtainable as to this matter, or rather as to the matters at Constantinople and Sofia, which are connected with it, than in regard to the Franco-German difficulty. But the news of the week in regard to it may be said to be the snub said to have been administered to Russian intrigue by the Porte and the reported intention of the Bulgarian Regents to offer the Principality once more to Prince ALEXANDER. Nothing has occurred to weaken the contention uniformly made here, that this last would be a grave mistake, if it could be regarded as anything but a mere form. Prince ALEXANDER had many merits, and the atrocious conduct of Russia towards him naturally enlisted sympathy. But from the moment when he voluntarily turned his back on Bulgaria, if not from the moment when he stooped to lick the feet of the CZAR in a too famous telegram, he became impossible. Either his nerve or else his judgment must have

failed in a manner fatal to his future chances as a ruler. But it may very well be that his loyal subjects considered themselves bound to give him at least the refusal of return, though it is to be hoped that they have listened to wiser counsels. As for the cheek administered to M. DE NELIDOFF, it is, if true, decidedly amusing, and not unworthy of the shrewdness which Turkish diplomacy often displays. It has, of course, been evident from the first to all persons possessed of reason and acquainted with international law that Russia has no kind of *locus standi* for objecting to the Regency. That belongs to the Sobranje and to the Suzerain. Indeed, the retort is so unanswerable that silence or a fresh request for the indemnity—the usual resource of a bothered Russian envoy at Constantinople—must have been the sole courses open to poor M. DE NELIDOFF.

Everybody, however, knows that the *ultima ratio* of the affair does not lie at Sofia or at Constantinople, but elsewhere. As far as Russia herself is concerned, affairs appear to be somewhat mixed. The intricate and obscure disputes between M. KATKOFF and other persons are chiefly interesting because they display the rise (in a vague and groping manner), no doubt, of something like parties in the Czar's Empire. This is not favourable to the continuance of the autocratic tradition; but it can hardly be said, on the other hand, that it is likely to be immediately favourable to the substitution of any form of constitutional government. So unorganized is the whole constitution of Russian society that the opposition of the Government to anything like political discussion is not only quite intelligible, but in a way quite justifiable. Two or more ignorant persons will hardly learn much by arguing the one with the other. And how ignorant Russians are nothing can show better than the almost famous interview with M. FLOURENS. A great authority, indeed, inclines to believe this genuine; but then the great authority is prejudiced against M. FLOURENS. It is true that there is hardly any pitch of ignorance of which an average Frenchman is not capable when the subject concerns anything out of France; but this particular example seems to pass the limits of the "hardly." Even a French sub-lieutenant, let alone a Foreign Minister, would scarcely have opined that a non-existent MAHMOUD Pasha, without troops except the reduced Egyptian army, could "drive the English into the sea." Yet it seems to have been thought good enough for a Russian audience by a journal which certainly had no unfriendly intentions towards France, and therefore no reason for making a French Minister look ridiculous. The average Englishman is not, Heaven knows, a particularly accomplished politician, either in home or, still less, in foreign politics, but he is certainly ahead of the average Russian.

The question of the power of Austria to resist Russia has been taken up again by the author of the interesting but unequal articles on foreign politics in the *Fortnightly Review*. His last contribution is to a great extent a reply, but it is also a continuation of his demonstration of the weakness of Austria. Politically, there is no doubt that he is to a great extent right. The enfeebling effect of divided nationalities with separate Parliamentary institutions is undoubted, and the experience of the Austro-Hungarian realm is one of the strongest possible arguments against Mr. GLADSTONE's plan of cutting up Great Britain and arranging the fragments in a condition of permanent hostility to each other. But this has very little to do with the military part of the question; for the *Fortnightly* writer himself does not assume that any of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH's subjects who are worth playing in the war-game, except the Croats, would positively desert or be rebellious. He bases his arguments on the statistical inferiority of the Austrian army in men and arms, even if aided by Germany, to Russia; on the exposed and undefended state of the Galician frontier; on the impossibility of Germany, which would in the case supposed be confronted by France, giving Austria any assistance; and on the fact that, though Italy could save Vienna, it would be at the price of the Trentino and of an intolerable wound to Austrian pride. He has learnt from his military authorities that a vast force of Russian cavalry, or at least dragoons, is ready to descend on Galicia; that Cracow and other strong places are insufficiently fortified; and, above all, that Austrian forces on paper are vastly inferior to Russian; while no one puts the Austrian soldiery man for man above the Russian, and Austria has no great generals. Now this is a formidable structure of argument; but, unluckily, it is based upon one large assumption, and every story as it rises has more or less of the same dangerous material in its construc-

tion. The main contention of the other side is that all history and all probability negative the taking of the enormous paper strength of Russia as a real strength. There is nothing to prove its existence but the allegations of the most admittedly corrupt and inefficient bureaucracy in the world, and all experience, including the most recent, shows that, even if it existed, but a small part of it could be rapidly and effectually got to work. The "ruling out" of the whole forces of the Balkan States so that Russia can take the offensive in Galicia securely is, to say the least, an arbitrary proceeding. Moreover, if an empire like Austria can be literally dragooned into submission by a foray of cavalry on a vast scale, it will certainly be very interesting; but we think the *Fortnightly* Reviewer will find it difficult to get one military authority in ten to admit its possibility. Again, if this kind of raiding is to decide, why dwell on the weakness of the Galician fortresses? For the weakest fortress ever built can hardly be taken by a cavalry charge, and the strongest cannot prevent cavalry passing it. Yet, again, the writer seems to have forgotten that Germany has been for years preparing to meet France and Russia at once, and that her defensive means on both sides are so strong that she could spare, if the worst came to the worst, a considerable force to prevent Russian invasion turning her Austrian flank in this way. Once more, the part and the objects assigned to Italy seem to be mistaken. There is unredeemed or mortgaged Italian territory to the west as well as the east, and in such a campaign of Armageddon as seems to be here imagined, France would hardly be left to exert her whole force against Germany. And, lastly, if the *Fortnightly* Reviewer is so certain that there are no great Austrian generals (it is twenty years since there was any possibility of knowing), is he equally certain that there are any great Russian generals? It is considerably less than twenty years since there was some opportunity for knowing this. Who is the SKOBELLEFF who is going to steepleschase from the Vistula to the Danube? These considerations seem to be worth weighing, and when they are weighed, we shall be surprised if most competent judges do not come to the conclusion that the Reviewer's conclusions as to the bad chances of Austria in a tussle are, to say the least, Not Proven.

TITHES.

LORD SALISBURY'S proposed transfer of liability for tithe rent-charge from the occupier of land to the owner is just and expedient. The lay or clerical recipient of the tithe will have no reason to complain of a deduction of five per cent. from the nominal income, which is at present reduced by about the same percentage through the cost of agency or collection. The clergy, at least, will have the additional advantage of the removal of a pretext for complaint and an occasional cause of irritation, though, until lately, the tenant-farmers seldom regarded the payment of tithe as a grievance. The character of the recent agitation is indicated by the circumstance that its origin coincided in date with a still more lawless movement against ground-rents. In both cases the title of the creditor was complete, or it was only impaired by the claim of some wrongful intruder. Lord SALISBURY'S Bill will probably deal with the troublesome question of extraordinary tithe, which only affects certain counties. The right of the tithe-owner to an additional payment for land which is brought under a special cultivation, though it is as legal as any other part of the tithe rent-charge, is vexatious and invidious because it forms an exception to the general policy of the Act by which it is imposed. The legislation of 1836 was founded on the principle that to levy a percentage on the gross produce of the land was a discouragement to agriculture. The extraordinary tithe, which only became payable when an exceptional crop was raised on the land, had to a certain extent the same operation with the former practice. The objections to the method of compensating the tithe-owners in Kent and Sussex for the abolition of previous rights are directly opposed to the grounds on which the ordinary tithe rent-charge has lately been denounced; but there is no use in showing that an inconvenient arrangement is founded on strict maxims of justice. In the present day it is not desirable to furnish the assailants of property in general with an excuse in the form of any apparent anomaly.

Another part of the Bill provides for the too common case of lands which are unproductive or which return to the

owners less than the amount of the rent-charge. According to the Act of 1836, the occupier, whether or not he is the same person with the owner, is liable to distress for his tithe rent-charge, but he may afterwards recover the amount from the landlord. In cases where the land has been allowed to go out of cultivation, there will evidently be nothing to distress; nor can the rent-charge be recovered as a debt either from the owner or the occupier. It would seem, therefore, that in a new adjustment of rent-charge on unproductive land the tithe-owner must suffer the loss of his whole claim; but Lord SALISBURY was understood to content himself with the proviso that no rent-charge in excess of the actual profit of the land should be exacted. Fifty years ago the contingency of the relapse of a portion of the soil into wilderness had not been thought of as possible. Economists, indeed, were aware that a part of the actual value of land had no better foundation than the protective duties which most of them condemned; but, even if it had been foreseen in 1836 that the Corn-laws would be repealed in ten years, the cost of carriage of foreign grain would have seemed to furnish a certain protection to domestic produce, and the importation on a large scale of live cattle or dead meat would have been deemed impracticable. The ruin which has fallen on English agriculture was, in fact, deferred for more than thirty years; and, as in other matters, the prophets of evil were prematurely taunted with the supposed failure of their predictions. In one of the enactments of 1836 the framers of the measure showed commendable foresight. The regulation of the rent-charge by the value of grain, instead of by a fixed money standard, has in some degree compensated the tithepayer for his diminished resources. In the present year an original rent-charge is reduced by thirteen or fourteen per cent.; and the deduction will be largely increased in the next three or four years.

There is unfortunately no ground for sanguine expectations of the immediate settlement of the tithe controversy. Lord SALISBURY confessed that he had much doubt as to the prospect of passing his Bill, and no discussion has been held since his explanatory speech. It is by no means certain that the House of Lords will approve his proposals. The peers might have been regarded as the natural guardians of proprietary right; and, though the majority of them are interested in the subject as tithepayers, a moderate sacrifice of their extreme pretensions would be an act rather of prudence than of generosity. Of late the confidence which might have been reposed in the conservative instincts of the House of Lords has been partially shaken. The most active bishops have done their utmost to cripple the right of lay patronage, and some of them have only been prevented by Lord SALISBURY's good sense from introducing into the Established Church the vicious system of popular election. The lay peers have prepared the way for the institution of judicial rents of land by voting for judicial rates, granted for valuable pecuniary consideration and secured by the pledged faith of Parliament. Various confiscatory proposals which are only awaiting the leisure of the House of Commons will hereafter be plausibly excused by precedents which it will be difficult to explain away and impossible to vindicate. The strange blindness of landowners and capitalists has been incidentally illustrated by the course of the late anti-tithe agitation. Welsh landlords, who cannot but know that they are threatened with total or partial spoliation by the same demagogues, have in some instances sought to secure for themselves a paltry advantage by countenancing the clamour against the payment of tithes. It is at present uncertain whether the agitation will find sympathizers or apologists in the House of Lords. Lord SALISBURY's expressed doubt of success in carrying his Tithe Bill during the present Session may probably have been suggested rather by the state of business in the Lower House than by uncertainty of support in the Assembly which accepts his guidance in still more urgent matters.

In the House of Commons any Bill for the more equitable assessment and payment of tithes will encounter an opposition which may have little connexion with its merits. The enemies of the Church will be eager to resist any equitable settlement especially because it may interfere with pretexts for agitation. Those of the tenant-farmers who hope to get something in the scramble will also apply pressure to their representatives; and, under the latest form of the Constitution, legislative measures are approved or rejected, not by Parliament, but by the constituencies. When the interests of two classes in any measure appear to conflict, it is too often more instructive to count heads than to appreciate the

arguments which may be used on either side. The real tithe-payers, or owners of titheable land, have no overwhelming interest in elections; but the occupiers who hope to obtain remissions of tithe without an increase of rent, can easily outvote the clergy, even with the addition of the lay tithe-owners. The readiness of members of Parliament to consider the numbers of persons interested in a measure rather than their rights is not confined to any side of the House. A short time ago the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade publicly declared that the interests of traders must be preferred to those of shareholders, because they were more numerous, or, in other words, because they had greater influence in elections. The fact that the rights of one party were contrasted with the desire of their opponents to acquire a share of their property seemed not to have been taken into consideration.

Although Lord SALISBURY may not have improved the prospects of his Tithe Bill by his desponding language, he will have rendered service to the cause of justice by his outline of a just settlement of the question. There can be no insuperable difficulty in effecting a compromise which has already been embodied in a well-considered Bill. If the measure is hereafter debated, occasion will perhaps be taken to remind agitating farmers in Wales or elsewhere that, except on the assumption of a revolutionary readjustment of property, they would gain nothing by depriving the Established Church of the greater part of its property. If it is wrongful that any property should be held by an ecclesiastical body, the tithes would lapse, not to a set of promiscuous strangers, but to the State. It is probable that the official administrators of the fund would be at least as exacting as the present holders. When the Irish tithes were commuted the landowners had so great a political influence that they were able to secure to themselves an enormous percentage on the total amount. In England, even if the same class was covetous of an equal advantage, it would be powerless to enforce its claims. The tenant-farmers have greater political power, but they would have many competitors for a share in the plunder. The moderate and reasonable equivalent which Lord SALISBURY proposes to allow to the tithe-payer for undertaking the immediate liability in place of an ultimate burden would probably be borrowed by future legislators. A division of assets and a dissolution of partnership puts an end to quarrels among members of a firm. By far the best settlement of all disputes relating to tithe would be a general redemption of the charge. It would perhaps be injudicious in the first instance to render the redemption compulsory on either party or on both; but there is no reason why a voluntary adjustment should not be encouraged. The amount received by the tithe-owner might be held in trust for investment by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners or some similar body. The income arising from the capital sum would correspond to the present income of a benefice, with a proper deduction, such as that which is proposed by Lord SALISBURY. Some livings are now endowed with the proceeds of sales of land which had originally been taken under Inclosure Acts in lieu of tithes. Such lands may be sold by permission of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; but there is no similar facility for the cumulation of tithes.

OUR OWN JUBILEE POEMS.

THE more agile poets have already come forward with their Jubilee odes, and the world has before it the poems of Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, Lord ROSSLYN, and Lord TENNYSON. On these we do not propose to offer any criticism at present; a more important task is to present the public with extracts from odes yet unpublished. We have more than three poets in this realm, and it will be obvious that in the following strains they are doing their best to rise to the occasion. The first piece which comes to hand is a lucid little composition in blank verse, styled

WHAT FRANCESCO SAID OF THE JUBILEE.

What if we call it Fifty years! 'Tis steep!
To climb so high a gradient? Frate of Guides?
Are we not roped? The danger? Nay, the Turf,
No less nor more than mountain peaks, my friend,
Hath talk of Roping,—but the Jubilee!
Nay, there you have me: old Francesco once
(This was in Florence, in Visconti's time,
Our wild Visconti, with one lip askance,
And beard tongue-twisted in the nostril's nook)
Parlous enough,—these times—what? "So are ours"?

Or any times, 'i fegs, to him who parles,—
Well 'twas in spring "the frolic myrtle trees
There gendered the grave olive stocks," you cry
"A Miracle!"—Sordello writeth thus,—
Believe me that indeed 'twas thus, and he,
Francesco, you are with me? Well, there's gloom
No less than gladness in your fifty years,
"And so," said he, "to supper as we may."
"Voltairean?" So you take it; but 'tis late,
And dinner seven, sharp, at Primrose Hill.
'Tis ill the meeting with a hungry host,
They say that Shelley was his Father's friend!

Our next poet is a most unassuming bard, and really he gets much closer to his subject than some of the others, who, as will be seen, show a tendency rather to evade the matter in hand:—

THE POET AND THE JUBILEE.

Poscitur! (Q. Horatius Flaccus.)

A Birthday Ode for MEG or NAX,
A Rhyme for Lady FLORA's Fan,
A Verse on *Smut*, who's gone astray,
These Things are in the *Poet's* Way;
At Home with Praise of JULIA's Lace,
Of DELIA's *Ankle*, ROSE's *Face*,
But something *overparted*, He,
When asked to rhyme the *Jubilee*!
He therefore turns, the *Poet* wary,
And thumbs his *Carmen-Seculare*,
To PHOEBUS and to DIAN prays,
Who tune Men's Lyres of Holidays,
He reads of the *Sibylline* Shades,
Of stainless Boys and chaste Maids,*
He turns, and reads the *Other* Page,
Of docile Youth, and placid Age,
Then sings how, in this golden Year
Fides Pudorque reappear,—
And if they *don't* appear, you know it
Were quite unjust to blame—the *Poet*!

- * (1) Virgines lectas, Puerosque castos.
- (2) Di probos mores docili juvenes
Di senectuti placidae quietem.

It will be acknowledged that this minstrel, even if he does not absolutely rise to the height of the occasion, is yet (to an instructed reader) perfectly intelligible. The classical references are not so remote and obscure as to puzzle the student, while the temper of the little piece appears to us modest, loyal, and comparatively cheerful. In fact, we feel inclined to offer the laurel to this author without seeking further, but that would be unfair.

Our next poet, to admit the truth, has an air of being a little rusty, and out of practice. There is in his ode a kind of reluctance to let himself go, and he seems more than coy when it should come to great lyrical effusion of sentiment. On the sea of song he hugs the shore, as it were, with an anxious eye always on the friendly and neighbouring meadows of Prose. He is critical rather than enthusiastic, meditative rather than expansive, and appears more interested in Life as a whole than in the actual occasion, which (it may be necessary to remind the reader) is no other than the Jubilee:—

ON ANY BEACH.

Yes, in the stream and stress of things,
That breaks around us like the sea,
There comes to Peasants and to Kings,
The solemn Hour of Jubilee.
If they, till strenuous Nature give
Some fifty harvests, chance to live!
Ah, Fifty Harvests! But the corn
Is grown beside the barren main,
Is salt with sea-spray, blown and borne
Across the green unvintaged plain.
And Life, lived out for fifty years,
Is salt with spray of human tears!
Ah, such is Life, to us that live
Here, in the twilight of the Gods,
Who weigh each gift the world can give,
And sigh, and murmur, *What's the od is*
While you are happy? Nay, what Man
Finds Happiness since Time began?

All this, it will be remarked, if moral, is hardly jubilant; however the author has done his best on an official topic. Our next poet has sent in compositions of such enormous length that, though unwilling to disappoint so conscientious an artist, we are compelled to offer only extracts. A great number of admirable passages, quite as good as the following, therefore abide in manuscript. There is rather less about the subject in hand, and perhaps a little more about the poet's political opinions, than some may think quite desirable; but the wealth of language may be trusted to compensate for a certain meagreness of thought:—

ODE OF JUBILEE.

Me, that have sung and shrieked, and foamed in praise of Freedom,
Me do you ask to sing
Parochial poms, and waste, the wail of Jubileedom
For Queen, or Prince, or King!

(Here there follow twenty-five stanzas, of which the above is a fair average specimen. The poet now breaks out afresh.)

Nay, by the foam that fleeting oars have feathered,
In Grecian seas;
Nay, by the winds that barques Athenian weathered—
By all of these
I bid you each be mute, Bards tamed and tethered,*
And fed with fcs!

For you the laurel smirched, for you the gold, too,
Of Magazines;
For me the Spirit of Song, unbought, unsold to
Pale Priests or Queens!
For you the gleam of gain, the fluttering cheque
Of Blackwood or of Knowles;
For me, to soar above the ruin and wreck
Of States, and snobs, and souls!

When aflush with the dew of the dawn, and the
Rose of the Mystical Vision,
The spirit and soul of the Men of the
Future shall rise and be free,
They shall hail me with hymning and harping,
With eloquent Art and Elysian,—
The singer who sung not but spurned them,
The singers that sang Jubilee;
With golden lyre and tongue,
Praising their tyrant sung,
They shall fail and shall fade in derision,
As wind on the ways of the sea!

* Various reading, "tarred and feathered," erased.

There are plenty of poets left, and, as most of them are young ladies, it is with a natural regret that we refuse space for their often creditable effusions. But the following mysterious chant demands a place. To many (who only read HOMER in the original) the language will seem difficult and obscure. It is the work, obviously, of a poet who has been studying the Odyssey, but who has, apparently, got it mixed up somehow with English translations of the Icelandic Sagas. There is something original in a singer who boldly takes the side of the Cyclops, and prefers POLYPHEMUS to ODYSSEUS. This is the new Socialism in all its glory, and most worthily expressed.

JUBILEE BEFORE REVOLUTION.

"Tell me, O Muse of the Shifty,* the Man who wandered afar,"
So have I chanted of late, and of Troy burg* wasted of war—
Now of the sorrows of Menfolk that fifty years have been,
Now of the Grace of the Commune I sing, and the days of a Queen!
Surely I curse rich Menfolk, the Wights of the Whirlwind may they
(This is my style of translating *Ἀρπυιῶν*) snatch them away!
The Rich Thieves rolling in wealth that make profit of labouring men,
Surely the Wights of the Whirlwind shall swallow them quick in their den!
O baneful, O wit-straying*, in the Burg of London ye dwell,
And ever of Profits and three per cent. are the tales ye tell,
But the stark, strong Polyphemus shall answer you back again,
Him whom "No man slayeth by guile and not by main,"
(By "main" I mean "main force," if aught at all do I mean.
In the Greek of the blind old Bard it is simpler the sense to glean).
You Polyphemus shall swallow and fill his mighty maw,
What time he maketh an end of the Priests, the Police, and the Law,
And then, at who shall purchase the poems of old that I sang,
Who shall pay twelve-and-six for an epic in Saga slang?
But perchance even "Hermes the Flitter" could scarcely expound what
I mean,
And I trow that another were fitter to sing you a song for a Queen.

[*] A few notes may be useful to the student of this Ode. "The Shifty" is not Sir GEORGE DASENT's "Shifty Lad," but that *ἀνὴρ πολύτροπον* of whom we have heard before. "Troy burg" is short for *Τροίης ἱερὸν προλιθρον*. "Wights of the Whirlwind" is kindly, and not superfluously, explained by the poet himself to be his "style of translating *Ἀρπυιῶν*." "O baneful, O wit-straying," we take to be English for *ἀραρηνέ*. "Hermes the Flitter" beats us, unless "Flitter" stands for *διὰ τροπῶν*. These sayings are stiff, but he who will harden his heart against a few trifles of diction, and will read our poet when he hath a theme he loveth, will not be the most to be pitied of menfolk. Nay, London burg will hold few menfolk more happy of heart; wherefore turn ye to REEVES and TURNER, and ask, withal, for the new Odyssey; but silver coin they will have first at your hands, for the good time is not yet come when no man saith "Mine," or "Thine," or "His'n," but all say "Ours." At present, "He who takes what isn't 'his'n,'" goes, as all men wot, "to prison"; so take ye not that which is only yours in idea, but go to them that sell and buy *The Odyssey*, by—the author of *The Earthly Paradise*. 'Tis but new come forth among menfolk.

THE LIBERAL UNIONIST.

THE appearance of the first number of a periodical to be published weekly during the Session and devoted to the special political interests of the Liberal Union coincides with Lord HARTINGTON's excellent speeches on Wednesday night and Thursday afternoon so as, let us hope, to make the present week a memorable one in the annals of the party history of English Parliaments. It need scarcely be said that there can be no kind of jealousy on the part of those Unionists who do not call themselves Liberals at the appearance of such an organ. The baser kind of Gladstonian—it is a pity that the Gladstonians of the other kind are so retiring—is wont to assert or insinuate that Tories simply wish to make tools of the Liberal Unionists and throw them aside when their work is done, or at best to draw them on to Toryism by fanning an inextinguishable quarrel between them and their fellow-Liberals. These folk think, and must be allowed to think, according to their own imaginations and standards. A follower of Lord SALISBURY may, indeed, hold that little but a question of words and names divides him from the best of the followers of Lord HARTINGTON; but he has not the slightest hope of attracting, or desire to attract, Hartingtonians by compromising them with Gladstonians. He knows that questions only less vital than that of the unity of the kingdom under the control of a single Parliament divide him from the followers of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and he has not the slightest intention of "transacting" with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on those points, or of expecting Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to transact with him. Few men can be really so stupid as to assert conscientiously that A may not join B in resisting C on a point on which A and B honestly think C to be ruinously wrong, and on which they wholly agree among themselves, because they differ on other points which are not in question. Sufficient to the day is the danger thereof; and it is perfectly certain that honourable men of the three parties—Tory, Whig, and Radical—can, without a stain on the honour of either, and without any want of sincerity, or presence of secret motive, work *ad hoc* against a confederacy in which the majority has not suspended, not adjourned, not waived, but sacrificed and sold, its loudly announced convictions on the particular point at issue to purchase the votes of the minority.

But it is perfectly reasonable that the Liberal Unionists should wish to maintain themselves in as distinct and independent an attitude as possible; and, what is more, it is not only reasonable that they should wish to do this, but desirable that they should do it. Mr. CAINE—with whom we agree no less heartily in the point of Unionism than we heartily maintain disagreement with him on all the points on which we once disagreed—has in the new paper pointed out, with the skill of a practised Caucuseer, the exact nature and reasons of those very small electoral mercies on which, at Burnley, Liverpool, and Ilkeston, the Gladstonians pride themselves. The rank and file of electors would be as wise as the Aristotelian *phronimos* or as abject as the Gladstonian item if, unorganized, unguided, at the mere bidding of Lord HARTINGTON or any one else, they voted for the colour and the party which they have been long trained to vote against. Accordingly, in too many places they have simply abstained, in one or two they have put their convictions in their pockets and "gone Separatist." That this can be prevented, and as far as possible remedied, by due exertion on the part of their natural leaders, is certain, and the *Liberal Unionist* is one, and not the only, sign that the leaders have made up their minds to act. They have been reproached, sometimes not unjustly, for a certain reluctance to act; but it must be remembered that an unwillingness to break wholly with old friends is not discreditable. Thanks are due to Mr. LABOUCHERE first of all, but to Mr. GLADSTONE also not a little, that the wanton and persistent abuse indulged in by the Gladstonian party, and its absolute refusal to have anything to do with the independent Liberals on any terms short of abject surrender, have at last stirred up the fighting spirit of the smaller section. There is not the slightest doubt that by proper efforts it can be made a very formidable party indeed, both in the House and out of it. It must shed (and has indeed shed already) its wobbling WINTERBOTHAMS, who would drive a nail, but are afraid to hit it with the hammer, would keep a bundle of sticks united, but dread the "coercion" necessary to fasten the withes. It must drop (and we are glad to see that, both in the *communiqués* of Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. CAINE to the *Liberal Unionist*, and in the speeches of the first-named

leader, it has dropped) the well-meant language of hesitating conciliation which undoubtedly made the average voter think that he could not be wrong in anticipating by a little the time of falling on Gladstonian necks. It is not asked to abandon one single point of principle as held two years ago by its Liberal, or even its Radical, members. It is not asked to give one single vote in favour of a Tory Government against its own convictions on any point whatever. Already it is nearly equal in numbers to the Irish portion of the Parnellite party, and immensely superior in ability and in character to the English and Irish portions of that party together. It has only to organize the large number of voters who agree with its principles, but are at present weakened and disheartened by the inevitable consequences of being sheep without a shepherd, to make itself as formidable to its enemies in every respect as the Parnellites, and—what the Parnellites can never be—respected by those enemies as well.

We believe that the carrying out of this programme would result in even greater benefit to the country than the final squelching of Home Rule—in the extirpation, that is to say, of the evil which alone made the serious proposition of Home Rule possible. For years the Liberal party in England, as its Tory foes have constantly urged, and as even Gladstonians like Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL have a good while since admitted openly, has been more and more exposing itself to the reproach of putting its forces blindly at the disposal, its conscience unquestioningly in the keeping, of a single man. There have never been wanting members and large sections of the Tory party who have absolutely declined to bow the knee in this way, and who have resisted Sir ROBERT PEEL, and Mr. DISRAELI, and Lord SALISBURY, when they have thought that these statesmen were adopting measures contrary to the party faith or injurious to the nation. Twenty years ago the same might have been said of Liberals, and such a volte-face as has been executed by the present Gladstonian party would have been impossible. But in the interval the corruption spread widely, and nothing but the courageous resolve of the Liberal Unionists to sever themselves bodily from the tainted portion could have prevented its spreading further. If they hold their ground, it is impossible that a new Liberal party of a healthier and honester tone should not form around them. They have the principle, they have the brains, they may if they choose have the organization. Such a party may adopt measures that we do not like, and in that case we shall resist it as we have resisted Mr. GLADSTONE. It may attack institutions that we respect, and we shall defend those institutions to the last ditch. But it will at least be an honest party, a sound member of the State, and not a rotten limb. On the great questions of politics there must always be irreconcilable differences, because they refer themselves in the long run to antinomies and oppositions of first principle which no argument can decide and which commend themselves as much to the taste and the imagination of man as to his understanding or his reason. But there are at least some things which are demonstrably bad and detestable to all rational and honest men. Those things are the change of principle to win place, or peace, or profit; the surrender of conviction to the dictation of leaders; the joining hands with any rascal who seems to have influence, any ruffian who will put his ruffianism at the service of his employer. It is against these things that the formation of the Liberal Unionist party and the publication of the *Liberal Unionist* paper is, in fact, a protest; and, come of it what may, we welcome it as such.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES.

THE prolonged silence of English speakers and writers contrasts strangely with the violent language of the American Congress on the question of the Canadian Fisheries. Both the Senate and the House of Representatives have almost unanimously authorized the PRESIDENT to take measures of retaliation against Canadian trade. Some of the speeches on the subject have been almost as abusive as if they had been delivered by the most outrageous of Mr. PARNELL's followers. The English nation has been denounced as fraudulent, cowardly, and grasping, and threats have been almost always substituted for arguments. For one of their charges they might quote the authority of an English diplomatist, who had much experience of dealings with the United States. "There is not," said Lord DALLING, in a letter to Mr. HAYWARD, "a Government in the whole world

"so ignominiously pusillanimous as ours, and yet it is the Government of a brave people." In the same letter the author of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty adds that, "as to the confidence displayed in American statesmen, who have never yet made a treaty they did not afterwards dispute, it is on a par with the rest." The issue which was then raised was the proposed submission to the Geneva arbitrators of the monstrous demand for the payment by England of the whole cost of the Civil War. Mr. SUMNER's object was perhaps rather to insult the country which he so bitterly detested than to inflict upon it a material injury. In the present case there are practical issues to be decided by argument, by negotiation, or by compromise. The Foreign Office, under Lord ROSEBURY and Lord SALISBURY, has been uniformly courteous and conciliating; and the dispute would have been settled by this time if the Senate had concurred with the PRESIDENT in entering on a friendly discussion.

Mr. JAY, formerly Minister at Vienna, has published, in support of the American contention, a letter to Mr. EVARTS which, although it is comparatively temperate in style, is singularly inconclusive in argument. The greater part of Mr. JAY's pamphlet is devoted to the provisions of the original Treaty of Paris and the Treaty of Ghent. Yet the Treaty of Independence was, as far as the fisheries were concerned, superseded by the Treaty of Ghent, and the Treaty of Ghent by the Fisheries Convention of 1818. In another passage Mr. JAY complains that the American plenipotentiaries in 1818 "voluntarily surrendered our older rights and consented to the conditions under which our fishermen are now so ill treated." It is obviously irrelevant "to recall some of the principal incidents that preceded and attended the Treaty of Paris [of 1783]," or "the difficulties which had to be overcome by the American Commissioners at Paris before they could secure for the young Republic the rights and liberties guaranteed by Article 3, and which by the treaty of 1818 were needlessly surrendered." What is needlessly surrendered is in any case surrendered. An American politician has a right to blame Mr. RUSH and Mr. GALLATIN, who negotiated with the English Government the Treaty of 1818, if he believes them to have unnecessarily surrendered any interest to which their country was entitled; but, even if it were credible that they surrendered certain rights for insufficient consideration, their concessions were binding on their own Government. The validity of the Convention of 1818 has been again and again acknowledged, and Mr. JAY himself has not ventured to dispute it. He strangely quotes a letter from Mr. JOHN ADAMS, written in 1818, which asserts that the American title to the fisheries is better than that of England "because we [the colonists before the secession] conquered all the countries about the fisheries; we conquered Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and dispossessed the French, both hostile and neutral." There is no doubt that the colonial contingents under WOLFE, AMHERST, and other English generals contributed to the conquest of the French possessions in North America; but the title of the United States was created, extended, or limited by subsequent treaties, and all contracts anterior to 1818 are now waste paper.

Mr. JAY enters at length into a controversy which arose during the negotiation of the Treaty of Ghent on the question whether, in default of express renewal, treaties are abrogated by war. In Mr. JAY's odd phrase, "it will be less easy to defend the British Government from the grave responsibility of having persistently instigated, first at Ghent, and again in London, the adoption of the article of 1818 by their persistence in the bold assertion, which British law officers had shown to be unsound, that we had lost by the war of 1812 our original right to the fisheries as recognized and defined in the Treaty of Paris." This is probably the first time that a Power has been held responsible for using, seventy years before, an argument or legal proposition, especially when, as in the present case, it seems to have prevailed. It was the representatives of the United States who were responsible for admitting a contention which, according to Mr. JAY, was erroneous. The English law officers who are supposed to have differed from the framers of the convention were the Attorney- and Solicitor-General in 1853, and the King's Advocate, a Sir JAMES MARRIOT, who held a similar opinion in 1765. The Attorney- and Solicitor-General in 1865 gave an opposite opinion. There is no doubt that some treaties are revoked by war; but, in default of express stipulation, the status of both parties is unaffected, except during the continuance of

the war. Contracts anterior to the war stand on a different footing. There has been no war between England and the United States since the date of the agreement of 1818, and consequently no treaty has been invalidated. It is, therefore, a waste of time to discuss one of the most delicate points of international law. Those who are curious on the subject will find that all the treaties between England and France in the last century stipulated for the dismantling of the fortifications of Dunkirk, which was originally an article in the Treaty of Utrecht. It was only at the Peace of Amiens that France was strong enough to insist on the omission of the clause, as at the same time the First Consul refused to recognize GEORGE III. as titular King of France.

The Convention of 1818 has been more than once suspended by temporary agreements. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was, as Mr. JAY admits, "terminated by our [the American] notice in 1866, throwing us back, as Great Britain contended, and as we have admitted, on the treaty of 1818." Another provisional treaty was "after the rejection of the Senate, on February 2, 1875, terminated" by our [the American] act on July 1, 1885, bringing "again into operation the fisheries article of 1818." It is strange that a writer of some diplomatic experience, who has had access to the most authentic sources of information, should base his argument on negotiations and arrangements which were long anterior to the treaty of 1818. The Treaty of Washington made no change in the rights or liabilities of either Power; but it provided that an arbitrator or umpire should determine the amount of compensation to be paid to England "for the privileges accorded to the citizens of the United States under Article XVIII." of the same treaty. Count BRUST, then Austrian Ambassador in London, was charged with the duty of selecting the umpire. The Belgian Minister at Washington, M. DELFOSSE, was appointed to the office; and Mr. JAY takes credit to his Government for submitting to the award, although he evidently thought that it ought to have been set aside as "unjust and unreasonable," because it was, in his opinion, unfavourable to the United States. There is no reason to suppose that M. DELFOSSE committed any error, and the object of a reference to arbitration in public or private matters is to obtain a final settlement. If either party is at liberty to revoke a submission after the delivery of the award, the English Government would have had some excuse for repudiating the unintelligible assessment of damages by the Geneva tribunal. As the American Government declined to perpetrate an act which would have been flagrantly dishonourable, private citizens of the United States would be well advised in following its example. It is also to be regretted that Mr. JAY, failing to invalidate the treaty of 1818 on other grounds, should suggest that it may be lawfully revoked by the United States on the alleged ground that some of its articles which are not specified have been violated by England. There is no reason to suppose that any such miscarriage has occurred. In any case a contravention of the treaty could only furnish a pretext for its abolition if it had been willfully committed, and on complaint deliberately justified.

Although there is little difficulty in obtaining a controversial triumph over the latest American disputant, no reasonable or prudent Englishman desires to perpetuate relations which have constantly given rise to mutual irritation. To many intelligent students of public affairs it is an unwelcome surprise to discover from time to time that either patriotism or desire of popularity inspires American orators or political writers to express feelings of animosity against a nation which has not consciously given provocation. It is well known in the United States that the English Government in maintaining the rights of Canadian subjects is actuated, not by any selfish interest, but by its constitutional duties to the Dominion. No desire has been shown to insist on the extreme rights which are guaranteed under the present treaty. It is admitted that after the lapse of seventy years some modification of actual arrangements may be expedient and just. Lord ROSEBURY and Lord SALISBURY have intimated their willingness either to refer the dispute to arbitration, or, by preference, to appoint a joint Commission, which might consider the interests as well as the legal rights of those who are concerned. In this case no inconvenience could be apprehended from the necessity of consulting Parliament. The conciliatory language and offers of the Foreign Office would be approved by all parties, including the most irreconcilable opponents of the present Government. The friendly feeling of the whole community is

demonstrated by the absence of controversy on a question which is nevertheless urgent and even dangerous. Few Englishmen are practically aware that some Americans are striving to fasten a quarrel on an unconscious nation.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.

THE praise of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution is as the praise of HERCULES—quite superfluous. Nobody has anything to say against its object, as a matter of course; and, better still, nobody seems to have any fault to find with the management. Year after year the Secretary reads, and the Society prints, its annual Report, and the story is always the same. The Secretary is able to report that more boats have been put on the coast, and more has been done with them. Difficulties as to funds there may be, as there are in most undertakings; but the best is always done with what there is to spend. As the Earl of DERBY, who may be safely relied on for a sensible observation when no responsibility is attached to it, justly observed, the Lifeboat Institution has this peculiar happiness among charitable Societies, that it cannot possibly be accused of doing as much harm as good, or even any harm at all. Men cannot be pauperized by being saved from shipwreck, nor will they be the least less likely to help themselves because they know that the lifeboat is there to help them. The exact contrary effect is sure to be produced by the knowledge that, if they can only fight on a little longer, they have still a chance. The record for the past year is an encouraging one. The boats have gone out on service nearly ninety-six times more than in the previous year, and if this increase of work done is partly due to exceptionally bad weather, it can also be to some extent attributed to the fact that there were more boats ready for use. Not the least pleasing passage of the Report is that in which the Secretary is able to say that no less a sum than 30,000*l.* was raised for the families of the men who perished in the Southport disaster. It may be remembered that one of the men who was lost was reported to have volunteered for duty when weakened by hunger. The bad weather had caused great distress among the fishermen, and this one had only been able to feed his children by denying himself. It nowise diminishes the credit due to men of this stamp that the fee paid for service in the boats is a consideration with them. They could hardly earn money in a more honourable way, and it is right that they should know that, in case their lives are lost, they will not leave their families to the alternative of starvation or the workhouse.

After the experience on the coast of Lancashire it is almost a matter of course to find a large part of the Secretary's Report devoted to self-righting boats. Nobody will be surprised to hear that "self-righting boats are not popular on some parts of the coast." This may be partially due to the obstinate preference for old things, which is not the weakest, nor the least commendable, characteristic of the fishermen; but there is more in it than that. A self-righting boat is in some cases a boat which counterbalances its power of coming right by a tendency to upset. Such craft are dangerous, and in any case, as the crews are volunteers, and most likely to work well when pleased with their boat, the Institution is right in deciding to humour their prejudices by giving them the sort of vessel they prefer, even though it may not be the best in the opinion of scientific builders. The Southport disaster has clearly shaken the confidence of the Institution itself in the stability of some of its self-righting boats. It has decided to examine those it has in service, and "to remove from the coast, with as little delay as possible, all self-righting lifeboats which will not pass far more severe tests than were formerly considered necessary, and which are not provided with such of the latest improvements as they deem to be of the greatest importance." This will, of course, entail a heavy drain on the funds of the Institution; but the remedy for that will be obvious to our readers. The policy is thoroughly sound; for, if the self-righting boats have lost even some of the confidence of the crews, half their merit will disappear. There is no proof that the men have everywhere begun to distrust these boats, and the Institution is of course incapable of the folly of rushing into a new system in a panic. Still, what is good may be made better; and, even if the result of the trials is to show

that the present boats are thoroughly trustworthy, the expense and trouble of making them will have been well employed. The Institution's offer of a prize to anybody who will invent a machine-propelled lifeboat of a practical kind is perhaps meant more to satisfy public opinion than from any confidence in the result of the offer; but, after all, there is no harm in trying.

THE LAND BILL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

WE shall not pretend to any relish for such legislation as the Government are now undertaking in the Land Bill introduced into the House of Lords last Thursday night. The utmost that can be said in its favour is that it is the recognition of a political necessity *not* created (a most important point) by the authors of the Bill, and that the concessions of principle which it makes to the pressure of that necessity are as much restricted as possible. The Government, that is to say, have done well to reject the recommendation of Lord COWPER's Commission with reference to reducing the period of the judicial rents, and they have done not the less well in this respect because they have, at the same time, resolved to accept the recommendation of the Commission with respect to admitting leaseholders to the benefits of the Act. That there is a doctrinal inconsistency in declining, in the name of the sanctity of Parliamentary compacts, to abrogate one provision of a statute while consenting to annul another is, of course, indisputable; but only such a paragon of the virtue here set at naught as Mr. GLADSTONE could, on that account, have contended that the doctrinal inconsistency necessarily involved a practical legislative error. It may well be, and for our own part we think it would be, a greater blow to public faith and to the finality of Parliamentary settlements to reduce the term of the judicial rent from fifteen years to five than to admit leaseholders to the benefit of the Land Act; and in that case Ministers have done perfectly right in deciding to make the latter concession rather than the former. No doubt it must have been painful to them to reflect that they would probably be denounced for inconsistency by the statesman who pronounced against judicial rents in 1870, and established them in 1881; who repudiated the principle of "free sale" in the former year, and embraced it in the latter; and who, after rejecting the extreme demands for fixity of tenure in the first Land Act, deliberately created a "dual ownership" of the soil of Ireland in his second. The charge of inconsistency from a statesman of this sort may well have been feared by the Government; but they were undoubtedly right to face it.

The provision which comes next in importance to the leaseholder clause is that designed to obviate the necessity of eviction by enacting that notice to the tenant of the issue of a writ of ejectment shall operate of itself to determine the tenancy, and reduce him, without any process of execution being necessary, to the position of caretaker. This is a simple and happily-conceived expedient; and, if it will operate to the extent computed by Lord CADOGAN, great indeed will be its value to the cause of public order. But, while we should hesitate to question the general accuracy of this calculation, it may be as well, with a view to the prevention of future disappointment, to note the presence—or at least the suspicion of the presence—of a lurking fallacy in Lord CADOGAN's argument. Some four-fifths of the evictions which occur in Ireland take place, he says, at the time of the execution of the judgment in ejectment and not at the expiration of the six months' period of redemption. In other words, he argues, it is the necessity of determining the relation of tenancy which usually compels landlords to evict; and, if that relation were to be determined by mere operation of law, the tenant, whose resistance is generally offered rather to the process of determining his tenancy than to anything else, would usually come to terms with his landlord. We submit, however, that it scarcely follows from this that the tenant who, if he had been evicted and restored as caretaker, would have come to terms with his landlord will be equally ready to come to terms if he is converted into a caretaker by the operation of law. We fear that it is only when and because their tenancies have been determined, not by operation of law, but by an act of their landlord, that many

tenants display any willingness to redeem their interests by a settlement. That is to say, in too many cases it is only when a landlord has proved that he will not shrink from eviction in the last resort that a tenant recognizes the necessity of paying his just debts. Were he converted into a caretaker by a process not involving the preliminary proof of the landlord's resolution, we are inclined to fear that he would too often seek to test that resolution at the end of the six months' period of redemption. And, if he did so in any considerable number of cases, Lord CADOGAN's comparative statistics of evictions taking place at the beginning and at the end of this period would be seriously deranged.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

THE disappearance of a considerable figure from the place in which it has long been conspicuous, and has been held in esteem for great qualities admirably employed, must always be noted with regret, and all the more so when retirement from active duties is rendered expedient by the temporary failure of the vigorous health which is necessary for their efficient performance. It was in the year 1853 that Professor TYNDALL was invited to fill the chair of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution, to which no one had been nominated since it was occupied by his great predecessor, Dr. YOUNG. Previously to his actual appointment he gave his first lecture on a Friday evening in the month of February in that year. It involved the consideration of some of the phenomena of diamagnetism which had already so long engaged the attention of its great discoverer FARADAY in the same place. He concluded by asking, in the spirit which ever since has animated him in his questionings of nature, wherein the true value of a scientific discovery consists? And the answer came: not in its immediate results alone, but in the prospect which it opens to intellectual activity, in the hopes which it excites, in the vigour which it awakens. It was in this sense of true and simple loyalty to science as sovereign, and with this grand indifference to any direct and sudden utilitarian gain to be derived from the discovery of new facts, that the labours of both the elder and the younger philosopher were always conducted. Yet neither of them could fail to rejoice when it came to be proved that the responses made to their interrogations in the laboratory bore a message with them of future improvement and advancement in arts and manufactures, and so led, in Baconian phrase, "to the relief of man's estate." It was thus with FARADAY's important discovery of the base of the aniline dyes, and with the vast impulse given by him to electrical science; and so it is with Professor TYNDALL's long and patient experiments, which proved that the supposed spontaneous generation of organic germs is not one of the verities of nature.

Henceforward, and for the long period of thirty-four years, the work of Professor TYNDALL, in the lecture-room, in the laboratory, in the glacier valley, and on the mountain-top, has been incessant, and it has been varied and rendered of more universal advantage by his many admirable writings which at intervals have been made known to the public through the press.

Professor TYNDALL is indeed exceptionally well equipped for that which has formed the business of his life. He possesses in a striking degree the original genius, the touch of poetry, the wide command of resources, and the indomitable industry which are necessary for success in the highest regions of scientific work. To these qualifications must be added the rare power of communicating to mixed audiences the results of his own researches, and of imparting to them in a very alluring manner his stores of accumulated information, enlivened and illustrated by a constant succession of brilliant and adroitly managed experiments. Further, he has a charming style of literary composition, by means of which he has reached the readers of two worlds, and has included them, so to speak, among his regular disciples and the habitual frequenters of his oral teaching.

On the Professor's particular work in the different departments of magnetism, electricity, light, sound, and heat, and indeed in all branches of physics, it is not necessary to dwell, any more than on the fresh interest and impetus given by his example to Alpine climbing in connexion with accurate scientific observation. All this is too recent and too well known to require any formal recapitulation. The amount and varied nature of his labours have

placed him in a lofty position of scientific eminence. His generous and disinterested character also has been well exhibited in his refusal to reap any personal benefit from his American lectures in 1872, and by his dedication of all he gained by them to the advantage of students coming from the United States to Europe to study science.

The members of the Royal Institution will no doubt do all that lies in their power to prove their regard for the distinguished Professor whose services they are about to lose, and to evince their recognition of the value of his long connexion with the place which has been the principal scene of his scientific work—the place in which he has conducted so large an amount of original research, and in which he has given so many of the attractive and eloquent discourses which never failed to fill its theatre. From the world at large Professor TYNDALL will carry with him into his repose—which, it may be hoped, need be only temporary—the good-will and friendship of those who know him, together with cordial wishes from all for his speedy restoration to complete health.

THE CASE OF LIEUTENANT HALL.

THE action of Lieutenant HALL in suing out a writ of *Habeas Corpus* has obtained a decision from the judges of the High Court on a legal question of the first importance to naval men, and in a certain sense to the country,—a question which must otherwise have been dealt with, in the first instance, by a court-martial. The facts with which he was charged were not in any way disputed, the only question being whether they constituted desertion under the provisions of the Naval Discipline Act. This was precisely what the Queen's Bench Division had to determine upon the argument of the *Habeas Corpus*, and therefore they were compelled virtually to decide whether Lieutenant HALL was guilty or not. A decidedly strong Court has held that he is guilty, and no doubt the court-martial, unless the Admiralty should think it right to discontinue the proceedings, will construe the law in accordance with that decision.

The facts are simplicity itself. Lieutenant HALL, being presumably, like many other naval lieutenants, dissatisfied with his position and prospects in the service, and having obtained an appointment from the London Salvage Corps, was desirous of retiring from the navy. He made applications to the Admiralty for leave to retire, but they were refused. Thereupon, his ship, the *Orontes*, being then in commission, and cruising on the African coast, he got leave from the captain to go ashore, addressed a letter to that officer resigning his commission, and started for England. On his arrival he was placed under arrest, in order that he might be tried by court-martial, and in the interval he raised, in the Queen's Bench Division, the question whether what he had done amounted to desertion. The 19th Section of the Naval Discipline Act, 1866, makes it desertion for any person subject to the Act to leave his ship with the intention of not returning, or when he is absent from it to do anything which shows that he means not to come back. There could be no doubt that Lieutenant HALL had shown by his letter to the captain that he intended not to return to his ship, and the only arguable question was, whether he was then a person subject to the Act. The 86th Section provides that "every person in or belonging to HER MAJESTY'S navy, and borne on the books of any one of HER MAJESTY'S ships in commission, shall be subject to this Act." Sir HENRY JAMES's argument was that, by resigning his commission and returning it to the captain, Lieutenant HALL ceased to belong to the navy, and, therefore, to be subject to the Act. This amounted to the assertion that an officer on service abroad can, in time of peace, resign his commission and come home whenever he pleases. It was not necessary to extend the proposition to time of war, and that question is not likely to arise until the character of British officers has undergone a considerable change.

The decision that a naval officer, even in time of peace, is bound to remain at his post as long as the public interest requires him to do so will commend itself to every one's common sense, and if it were not law, it would be desirable to make it so with as little loss of time as possible. The inconveniences that might ensue from the prevalence of an opposite rule are too obvious to need recapitulation. It may be surmised, and it is certainly much to be hoped, that,

after the expression of the judicial opinion that Lieutenant HALL had erred in good faith, emphasized as it was by the fact that the judgment against him was made without costs, the Admiralty will not think it necessary to treat the lieutenant as a criminal. He has, indeed, conferred a benefit both on his superiors and on his profession by obtaining an authoritative explanation of the law. He has also called attention to the fact that full lieutenants in the navy, like everybody else, have grievances. Theirs, however, appear to be at once aggravated and peculiarly easy to remove. Compared with naval officers of other ranks, they are alone in not having had their pay and other advantages increased of late years. They alone, it seems, continue to draw the same exceedingly moderate pay for the whole time of their service in that rank. Every one knows that service in the navy will not provide a poor man with a competence; but that is no reason why lieutenants should not have the same sort of inducements to continue in the service as other people. They play an important part in securing the existence of the kingdom and the empire, and they ought to be treated as handsomely as circumstances permit.

THE LOSS OF THE KAPUNDA.

THE sinking of the emigrant ship *Kapunda* is the most shocking thing of the kind which has happened since the loss of the *Princess Alice* or of the *Northfleet*. There were more horrible circumstances in both these disasters. The loss of life in the river steamer was on a greater scale, and was the more painful because it happened within half a mile of the shore and before the very eyes of London. In the case of the *Northfleet*, there was an additional horror contributed by the heartless rascals who, after running into a ship at anchor in the Downs, left her crew and passengers to perish without making the slightest effort to save them. The one consoling feature of that story is that they were Spaniards. But, although the loss of the *Kapunda* is not equal to these disasters in magnitude, it is bad enough. It is sufficiently dreadful that a fine ship, well found, well manned, and well handled, should be sent to the bottom in two minutes, with some three hundred men, women, and children, by the flurried bungling of a much inferior vessel. The very completeness of the *Kapunda's* discipline seems to add to the thoroughness of the loss. The rules provided by both the Home and Colonial Governments for preventing disorder among the passengers had been strictly carried out, and the women were locked in their cabin. None of them had the faintest chance of saving her life. The helplessness of their position was probably no real addition to their sufferings. Although the greatest smartness seems to have been shown by the *Kapunda's* crew in endeavouring to clear away the boats, she sank so quickly that not one of them was fairly launched. The lifeboat was cut adrift and righted by a few of the survivors who contrived to swim to her. It is one of the many proofs of the complete efficiency of the *Kapunda's* equipment that when this boat was at last righted her oars were found lashed in her, and that the handful of men who had been clinging to her keel, some of them badly bruised in the collision, were able to save a few of their comrades and to reach the *Ada Melmore*. It is to the credit of the master of this vessel that he did as much to help the survivors of the *Kapunda* as was consistent with the duty of keeping his own ship afloat.

The decision of the Wreck Commissioners' Court will be accepted as substantially just, though it certainly shows great lenity towards the officers of the *Ada Melmore*. There can be no doubt that this vessel was badly navigated, and was wholly to blame for the collision. Putting aside the question whether her lights were out, and in proper order, which is of general interest, and may be treated apart, she was plainly so handled as to violate one of the best known of the rules of the road at sea. The *Kapunda* was going to the south on her way from England to Australia, and the *Ada Melmore* in the opposite direction on her way from Coquimbo to the United States. The wind was blowing from the east and east-south-east. Anybody who will put two dominoes on a map will see at once that the *Kapunda* must have had the wind on the left, or port, side, and the *Ada Melmore* the wind on the right, or starboard, side. According to the well-known rule of the road at sea, a ship on the port makes way for a ship on the starboard tack. She is, as the Board

of Trade rhyme puts it, green to red, and it is her duty to keep clear. It does not alter the matter that the *Kapunda* was not close hauled, and that the *Ada Melmore* was, for in that case it was equally the duty of the emigrant ship to avoid the other. But an obligation of this kind is reciprocal. If the vessel which is on the port tack or running free is bound to keep clear of the vessel on the starboard tack, the latter is equally bound to do nothing which can disturb the manœuvre. Now this is precisely what the *Ada Melmore* did. When she was sighted she was on the *Kapunda's* starboard bow. Mr. COTTRELL, the first mate of the emigrant ship, who was officer of the watch, put his helm down, and brought the *Kapunda*, which had been seven and a half points off the wind, close to it. In other words, he luffed, and turned a little to the left of his course, with the intention of passing across the *Ada Melmore's* bows. If this latter vessel had simply held on her course, she would have passed astern of the *Kapunda*. Instead of doing that, she also luffed, turned to her right, and literally threw herself into the emigrant ship. From every possible point of view this was a bungling manœuvre. The *Ada Melmore's* officer of the watch saw a green light on his left side. He therefore knew that a vessel was crossing his track from left to right. If he doubted whether there was room for her to pass, he should have put his helm up, and turned his vessel's head to the left, so as to make it still more likely that he would pass astern of the stranger. The course he actually took was the reverse of this. He turned to the right, in the very direction the *Kapunda* was heading for. It needs no seamanship nor anything but a little ordinary common sense to see that this was the surest of all ways in which to make a collision more probable. In view of these facts, the decision of the Wreck Commissioners not to meddle with the mate's certificate of Mr. NELSON WANNEL, the watch-officer of the *Ada Melmore*, must appear at least extremely lenient. They say that it is not their custom to be severe on errors of judgment committed in a moment of danger. Nobody would wish to be too severe on a seaman who made a mistake in doubtful or trying circumstances; but in this case there was nothing doubtful. Mr. NELSON WANNEL's first duty was to do nothing; but, if he did decide to act, his course was clear. He acted unnecessarily, and he did the flagrantly wrong thing. After that he should surely consider himself a fortunate man to have fallen into the hands of Wreck Commissioners with bowels of compassion. It is said that an acting lieutenant in HER MAJESTY'S navy, who was in charge of the watch in the Straits of Gibraltar in the middle of a crowd of merchant ships, was heard to cry out in a voice of agony, "There goes my unfortunate commission." He thought prematurely that he was going to run into somebody. Mr. NELSON WANNEL has actually done it, and saved his certificate, and we hope he will not risk it again. Even Wreck Commissioners cannot allow such things to happen twice.

Perhaps the nerve of Mr. WANNEL was disturbed by the knowledge that his lights were not out, for it is clear that the *Ada Melmore* was showing none. The Commissioners, who have suspended the master's certificate for two years, have decided to punish him, while exonerating his mate, mainly, as it would seem, on the ground that no proper care was taken to show lights by the barque. The evidence given on this point is of very general importance. It is sufficiently well known to all who know anything about merchant shipping that the Board of Trade rules in this matter are much neglected by merchant ships engaged in the long sea voyages. Experienced officers assert very commonly that it is rather the rule than the exception for ships to cease showing lights as soon as they are three days clear of the Land's End. Mr. MILLIKEN, the late master of the *Ada Melmore*, who has suffered for his own offence in that way, was certainly only describing a very common practice when he said that his rule was not to show a light when the weather was fine or he was out of the common track of shipping. This, of course, was the best face he could put on it, but as a matter of fact it is clear that his lamps were left unlit even in bad weather and in the common routes. He explained with an almost touching simplicity that his lights could be brought out if he did happen to meet a ship. It is needless to point out the absurdity of the excuse. The lights are meant to show that a ship is there and indicate her course, for the very reason that they can be seen and the proper deductions drawn from them when a vessel is only dimly visible, and her course cannot be guessed at. The real excuse, such as it

is, for this neglect to show lights is to be found in his casual remark that they had to be very careful of the stores. A master knows that his owners will look very strictly to his outlay, and tries to save every penny he can. If, as was the case with the *Ada Melmore*, part of his oil is lost by the starting of a cask, or any other accident, he will avoid buying more, and cross the ocean without his lights, keeping what oil he has for the Channel. The danger of the practice is, of course, obvious, but the temptation to indulge in it is great. The owners are sure to be pleased in these bad times by economy; and there is a very considerable chance that a vessel may do the whole home journey, round Cape Horn, without sighting a sail until she is within a few days off the Channel. The master prefers to avoid the certainty of displeasing his owners by a large outlay in any one article rather than the chance of running into some disaster. It is perfectly right, no doubt, that the Board of Trade should hold him responsible for breaking the law, but it would be well if some means were found to compel cheeseparer owners to weigh less on the side of recklessness. It might, for instance, be found practicable to compel every ship on her arrival at the end of the voyage to show proof that an amount of oil sufficient to have kept her lights burning all along has really been expended.

ART IN WHITECHAPEL.

A VERY pleasant and interesting ceremony was performed in Commercial Street, Whitechapel, on Tuesday last. Mr. BARNETT, the vicar of St. Jude's, presided over the opening of the seventh annual exhibition of pictures in his parish, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN delivered an address which was redeemed from the inevitable commonplaces of the occasion by the sympathetic geniality of the speaker. The visitors, who crowded the largest of the rooms built especially for the sake of these shows, "were assembled," as Sir GEORGE well said, "for a purpose concerning which the 'most self-questioning conscience could have no mis-giving.' 'Charity never faileth.' What are called charitable undertakings too often fail, or even do positive mischief. It is a melancholy fact that indiscriminate almsgiving may be more injurious to society than the most callous selfishness. But a rich man who lends good pictures for the delectation of his poorer countrymen incurs no social or moral risk. He can be doing nothing but good, and much good he must do. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, with perhaps a rather fanciful ingenuity, described these loan exhibitions as a genuine renaissance. He referred to the familiar munificence of Athenian citizens, and reminded, or possibly informed, his hearers, how much PLINY had done for the town of Como. Every lady knows, for Mr. GROTE has told her in his lucid and self-explanatory way, that ALCEBIADES was famous for the novelty of his theories and the expensive style of his liturgies. Courtesy to the Church and Mr. BRODRICK forbids us to doubt that the letters of PLINY are in the hands of all. But a knowledge of the fact, for fact it is, that the visitors to the Whitechapel collection are numbered by tens of thousands, will do more to stimulate the liberality of those who have pictures to lend than a score of classical allusions. Mr. WALTER BESANT and others have dispelled the erroneous notion that Whitechapel is a warren of squalid poverty. It is as respectable as Kensington, and not much duller. But it has no parks, no gardens, no Kensington Palace—nothing to relieve the monotony of its streets except the Underground Railway. The Art Exhibition is an oasis, a bit of colour and freshness and poetry in an arid wilderness of bricks and mortar. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN described the National Gallery, in somewhat hyperbolic language, as the "best-selected and best-cared-for collection 'in the world.'" But the artisans of Whitechapel can no more find their way, in the ordinary course of things, to Trafalgar Square than they can visit the Louvre or the Pitti Palace. If they went on a Sunday, they would find the doors shut in their faces. The Whitechapel Exhibition is open from ten in the morning to ten in the evening on all the seven days of the week. In this respect Mr. BARNETT is to be congratulated on his superiority to ill-informed prejudice and to the fear of being misunderstood. As he pointed out in his admirable introductory remarks on Tuesday, the object of these exhibitions is not to "keep 'people out of public-houses'—a foolish and rather insolent expression—but to place within the reach of the poorest mechanic the richest treasures of truthful

and imaginative art. No one who has ever read them can have forgotten the words in which Mr. RUSKIN expresses the religious function of the painter. "There are 'hundreds,' he says, in his exaggerated diatribe against the French school, 'there are hundreds who praise the 'beauty of the imitation, and depart with the praise of 'CLAUDE on their lips, for one who feels that it is no 'imitation, and departs with the praise of God in his 'heart.'"

The QUEEN has once more shown the interest which she feels in all plans for the benefit and gratification of her people by contributing three pictures, which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN judiciously described as "of personal, 'domestic, and historical interest.'" They are very well known, for they were at Burlington House only the other day. One represents HER MAJESTY'S First Council, and is by Sir DAVID WILKIE. The second, "The QUEEN'S 'Coronation Sacrament,'" was painted by Mr. C. R. LESLIE. "The Christening of the PRINCE OF WALES" we owe to the romantic genius of Sir GEORGE HAYTER. To say that these works are exquisite gems of art would be going too far. But the historian of the future will esteem himself fortunate if he has the opportunity of seeing them, and even the progress of half a century is sufficient to invest them with extra-artistic merit. It is not very likely that "the forty 'thousand art critics," as Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN calls them, "who will slowly and lovingly make their way round these 'chambers,' are sufficiently well acquainted with the personages depicted by WILKIE, LESLIE, and HAYTER to derive from them all the pleasure which Sir GEORGE describes. But the counterfeit presentment of the Duke of WELLINGTON, Sir ROBERT PEEL, and Lord PALMERSTON can hardly have ceased to attract the notice of the crowd. A useful catalogue of the pictures, perhaps a little too luxurious in style, has been prepared by Mr. E. T. COOK, and contains much information, as well as many poetical quotations. Mr. ALEXANDER HENDERSON, the enviable owner of Mr. BURNE JONES'S "Days of Creation" and Mr. WATTS'S "Sir Galahad," has lent them both. There is much more real self-sacrifice involved in such a loan than in most gifts of money, though of money to defray the few necessary expenses the promoters of the Exhibition would be glad. They also need a constant supply of volunteers to watch the pictures, which cannot, of course, be left wholly unguarded, and to act in some sort as guides when required. It would be superfluous to praise the ideal beauty of "Sir Galahad," or the wonderfully striking portrait of the late Lord LAWRENCE—JOHN LAWRENCE of the Punjab, painted by the same great artist, and lent by Mr. FRANCIS BUXTON. People who are not charmed and amused by Mr. DOYLE'S "Pied Piper of Hamelin" do not deserve to be amused or charmed at all. They deserve, indeed, to rank with the man who, as Mr. DOYLE himself was fond of telling, watched that most humorous of artists at work upon an early sketch, and turned away with the audible remark, "Well, every one to his trade, and, thank God, that isn't 'mine.'" Pious, priggish, legislative, lecturing amateurs are busily at work upon the "working man," with the aim, so far as any clue through the mazes of their meandering efforts can be found, to qualify him for election at the Athenæum. Happily the working man disregards their attentions. But for true and honest kindness, without any taint of patronage, like the Whitechapel Exhibition, he is truly grateful, and he shows his gratitude in the best way by frequenting the rooms.

THE SUPPLY OF WEAPONS.

THE supply of revolvers to the police, the removal of revolvers from the pockets of burglars, the reduction in the Horse Artillery batteries, and the issue of bad cutlasses to the navy are all matters obviously connected with one another. They are all questions of the supply of weapons, and we naturally expect to find that an intelligent Government will deal with them all in pretty much the same way. Nor is the expectation disappointed. Our Government—by which we do not so much mean this present or any particular Ministry as that great machine which goes on grinding away under all Cabinets—does deal with them in the same spirit. It either does the right thing too late, or does the wrong thing, or does nothing. To take an instance in the inverse order. The police and burglar revolver question affords an example of how our

Government does nothing. Burglars, who, as a class, are not wholly incapable of reflection, have of late been less apt to use firearms. Perhaps when the advantages and disadvantages of the practice came to be weighed against one another by the more thoughtful kind of burglar, it was not found that the balance was in favour of the use of shooting-irons at the risk of hanging. Still, there are degrees of violence which theoretically fall short of firing, but practically amount to nearly the same thing. They might be repressed if the constables were armed as they ought to be. It is more than probable that the burglars who beat a policeman insensible the other day, and then left him lying on a railway line, would have kept their resistance within much narrower bounds if they had known they had to deal with an armed man. Our Government, however, speaking by the mouth of Mr. MATTHEWS, sees no need to do anything further—it will not bring in a measure to disarm burglars or arm the police. A Home Secretary may be excused for shrinking from bringing “measures” into such a House of Commons as the present; but nothing of the sort is needed. He can order the issue of revolvers to the police without an Act of Parliament. All he needs to enable him to do that is a little of the sound sense which induced Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, when passing a well-deserved sentence on the potboy WEBB a few days ago, to observe that it was the duty of the law to put a check on the growing use of the revolver.

The obstinate determination of the War Office to reduce the Horse Artillery is an example of how to do the wrong thing. Argument has been exhausted on this question, and there is no use in any further waste of pearls of reason in the well-known way. All we can do is to note the fact that a great piece of wasteful folly has been committed, and to credit its authors with all their due. Thanks to their efforts, the British army will be the poorer for the weakening of one of its most efficient arms, and we know how little the British army is able to stand the loss. The Report of the Committee on the supply of cutlasses to the navy shows how to do the right thing absurdly late. After due inquiry, the members of this Committee came unanimously to the decision that a very bad weapon had been chosen to begin with, and had then been so knocked about as to be turned into something which a five-year-old child might have bent double over a rag-doll. The sealed pattern of 1871, the original model, could only resist a vertical pressure of 32 lbs.; whereas the triangular bayonet can resist a pressure of 440 lbs., and the new Enfield Martini sword-bayonet, a short weapon, can resist 160 lbs. The Factory has two models of weapons of the same size as those chosen in 1871 which can stand nearly three times the pressure, and this superiority is due to a more intelligent distribution of the metal. Having obtained its bad weapon to begin with—a most essential measure—the Factory went to work and ground it down to a lath. Then it served the thing out to the navy. The Committee account for this feat in a thoroughly satisfactory way. Its explanation is that the authorities who direct the manufacture of small-arms at Enfield do not in the least know how to go about making them. Then, as soon as they have learnt a little, their term of service is up, and another race of administrators, equally ignorant, comes in to learn the business, and then in turn go away. In this way Government contrived between 1871 and last year to have a long series of inept things done to the cutlasses in a vaguely speculative fashion. Now, at last, the Committee comes, and recommends, firstly, that the absurd new weapons should be called in; secondly, that good old ones, which, to the number of 30,000, are lying in store waiting their turn to be ground into laths, should be served out; thirdly, that the business of making small-arms should be entrusted to somebody who understands it. We have got so far as that in the year of grace 1887, and the fact redounds to the credit of our incomparable War Office. The expense of making good the bungles of past years will be 26,430*l.*, to which may be added the money wasted in first making bad cutlasses, and then making the bad worse. How much that is we are not told, but it may safely be set down at as much again. So we pay 52,860*l.* at least as a fine for employing untrained gentlemen to direct skilled work. This is a very effectual way of wasting money, and the sum seems a large one to pay for the discovery, sixteen years after date, that a given weapon was bad.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

ANOTHER Irish priest has been sent to share Father KELLER's imprisonment for contempt of court. The circumstances of his case appear to have almost exactly resembled those of his reverend predecessor, his contumacy being as obstinate and his excuse for it as preposterous. It is not necessary to inquire how far the sacerdotal privilege, supposing it to have any legal existence at all, extends, since there is no pretence for saying that it arises in either of the two cases in question. The formula in which Father RYAN, like Father KELLER, couched his refusal to reply to the questions put to him in the witness-box may possibly appear to him to disclose a claim to the privilege which he was attempting to set up, but in reality it does nothing of the kind. The two allegations which it contains possess between them, to be sure, both truth and materiality; but, unfortunately, the one which is material is not true, while the one which is—or may be—true is not material. “I decline,” said Father KELLER, “to answer the question or give any information which I as a priest received, and which might criminate any person or persons who have confided in me as a priest solely because I was a priest.” Now it is not the fact that Father RYAN received information “as a priest” on the subject of the bankrupt MORONEY's design of defrauding his landlord; and, though it may well be the fact that the information was confided to him solely because he was a priest, that fact has no bearing on the question of privilege. A solicitor may be made the depositary of confidences solely because he is a solicitor; but, unless the depositor of these confidences can be proved to have stood to him at the time in the relation of client, he would not be entitled to solicitor's privilege. It is only in an analogous sense to this that Father RYAN received information “because he was a priest,” and that he did not receive it in his priestly capacity appears sufficiently from the fact that it was imparted to him neither in the confessional nor as a confession. It did not relate to a committed sin which the priest was desired to absolve, but to a contemplated fraud which it was hoped that the priest would abet. Father RYAN is at liberty to hold the extraordinary opinion that in abetting the fraud by his silence he is obeying the “moral law of God”; but he is, at any rate, not justified by any law of his Church in thus defying the law of the State. We should hesitate to charge that Church with maintaining any principle so absurd and immoral as that an intending criminal may compel any priest whom he chooses to select to become his accessory before the fact by the simple process of “confiding in him solely because he is a priest.” And we are quite sure that, if the Roman or any other Church were to put forward such a pretension, no civilized State ought to tolerate it for a moment.

As it is, we must, of course, unreservedly approve the action of Judge BOYD in committing these two priests to prison, and, strangely as the admission will doubtless scandalize our modern Radical, who can be as ecclesiastically-minded as you please when it suits his purpose, we should equally approve of the step of sending every Catholic Bishop and Archbishop to prison after them, were the same necessity to arise. The fact that Irish priests are having to be sent to gaol is, however, a very serious one, though not for the violence done by it to that veneration for the ministers of religion which sits, if not ungracefully, yet somewhat comically on Mr. MORLEY. It is serious because it shows more forcibly than anything else could do the unquestioned domination which the party of lawlessness have secured in Ireland. The bunkum which is now being talked by Irish agitators and their English mimics about the close and intimate sympathy between the priest and “his people” in Ireland is bunkum indeed. As a matter of fact, there is no one better able to restrain a sympathy of this kind within the bounds of prudence than the Irish priest, who, so long as he is able to give effect to it with safety, has always manifested a strong anxiety not to bring himself into conflict with the civil authorities in Ireland. If now he is either actually engaged in or everywhere preparing for a conflict of that kind, the real reason for his change of attitude is to be gathered from that very significant extract which Mr. BALFOUR cited the other night from the report of the speech of a certain Irish agitator, FRANCIS TULLY by name. “I am sorry,” said this gentleman, “that our priests are not with us to-day. If they were, I would have a word with one of them. The Easter dues will soon be called, and I'd advise you to pay it to the Campaign Fund, and let the old boy, Father CALLIGY, go and

"eat the turkeys in the big house. You can speak to him "if you like; but there is no law to compel you." We do not know whether this last sinister hint has been acted upon, or whether, if so, it has had the effect of converting Father CALLIGY to the views of Fathers KELLER and RYAN; but no one, of course, can be surprised if this should have happened. When the consequence of an Irish Catholic priest's behaving like an honest man is not merely to endanger his pocket, but to expose him to the indignity and misery of being boycotted by his flock, we cannot wonder if he is in too many instances giving way. A priest who stands up for the Eighth Commandment would soon indeed become the exception rather than the rule if the state of things now prevailing in Ireland were permitted to continue. It is false to say that the country is even tolerably free from agrarian crimes—false to the knowledge of the Irish agitators, whose business it always is to propagate the particular fiction which suits the Nationalist purpose of the moment, and false to the knowledge of the brazen English office-seekers, who, from a Bench never before disgraced by such utterances, persistently repeat the falsehood; but it would be true enough to say that no enumeration of shootings and maimings and Moonlighter outrages in general, fearful as is the picture which they present, will enable us to realize the hideous disorganization of Irish society so fully as it is brought home to us by the two phenomena on which Mr. GOSCHEN so justly laid the chief stress of his case the other night—we mean the breakdown of the jury system and the established supremacy of boycotting and intimidation.

On the former of these there is little that need be said. It is in direct and close dependence on the latter; and, though the provisions of the Crimes Bill which strike immediately at this particular mischief are, in our opinion, wise and salutary, we confess to relying more upon the operation of the clauses directed against its originating cause. Large powers of changing venue are doubtless urgently required for the moment, and may well be rendered permanently available as occasion may require in the administration of the criminal law in Ireland; but far better than merely substituting independent for intimidated jurors would it be to crush the system of intimidation itself. We have no doubt that, if the summary jurisdiction clauses of the Crimes Bill are passed without material alteration, and if, when passed, they are vigorously and resolutely worked, a very marked diminution of the power of the boycotter will speedily ensue. The proposal to add to the offences which were dealt with summarily under Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Crimes Act the offence of "inciting to boycotting" is an improvement to which Mr. BALFOUR was fully justified in calling attention. The power thus conferred may, if properly used, be made effective alike against priests who from the altar mark down members of their flock as victims for the boycotters, and against those who threaten priests themselves, when too honest and clear-sighted to abet fraud willingly, with the same treatment. In the desperate lack of argument which seems so seriously to oppress even fertile and ingenious disputants like Mr. MORLEY, attempts are being made, after the usual fashion, to depreciate the value of repressive legislation because there are, or may be, certain things which no legislation can repress. Mr. MORLEY'S method of criticizing the Bill at the Council meeting of the London Liberal and Radical Union was a truly singular one. One part of the measure being designed to facilitate the detection of criminals, and the other to ensure their punishment, Mr. MORLEY seems to think that he makes a point by insisting that the former set of provisions does not effect the object aimed at by the latter, and *vice versa*. We are told, he says, that out of 755 persons injured, 422 refused to give information as to those who had done them wrong. That is a failure not in the punitive but in the detective department of criminal justice, and against that evil, continues Mr. MORLEY, with admirable hardihood, "the Bill "offers you no protection and no remedy whatever." On the contrary, the Bill will offer the protection of its summary jurisdiction clauses to the 422 persons who, for fear of the intimidation which these clauses can, if properly administered, promptly suppress, were afraid to come forward and give "information as to those who had done them this "wrong." It does not lie in Mr. MORLEY'S mouth to say that the provision will be ineffective, seeing that he devoted a good deal of the earlier part of his speech to the exposition of its excessive and dangerous stringency in the hands of resident magistrates. Again, he puts forward the old and threadbare plea that there are some forms of boy-

cotting which no law can touch. Possibly there are; but no one who considers even the few instances cited by Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. GOSCHEN will doubt that there are many, and these among the most potent, forms of boycotting which the law can touch, and which it should touch with a heavy hand.

BALLS.

BALLS form an important item in the success of a London season, and on them mainly depends the verdict as to whether it has been a good or a dull one. There has undoubtedly been a considerable diminution, in the last few years, of this particular form of entertainment, which may be attributable to various causes, chiefly, no doubt, to the badness of times and scarcity of money. Another reason, is that a London season is considerably more broken up than it used to be; and now it is the fashion, and an excellent one too, to get away from town as often as possible—namely, at Easter, Whitsuntide, and during Ascot week; whereas formerly, when families settled in London at the meeting of Parliament, they did so with the intention of remaining till the adjournment in July or August. But, whatever the reason is, the numbers of the owners of large houses who give balls have considerably decreased from what they were; and a goodly proportion of those that are given may be credited to people who are anxious to make their way in London society, and who look on a ball, with the guests invited from borrowed lists, as one of the best means of making acquaintances and of establishing a footing. Not that all balls are by any means a blessing to the givers, as they may very likely turn out a failure, either socially or from a dancing point of view, or even in a gastronomic light, if the supper and champagne should be inferior. The guests then show their appreciation of the hospitality extended to them by roundly abusing them. If a ball is a success, there is the certainty of an amount of ill feeling being engendered in the breasts of those who think they ought to have been invited and were not. A hostess who is really desirous of giving a good ball has to sail between Scylla and Charybdis. If she is very good-natured, and asks everybody of her acquaintance, the ball will probably be an "awful crush," and therefore a failure; and, if she tries to limit her numbers to the capacity of her rooms, she is certain to give offence. In the present day it is necessary to have much courage to refuse those that write and ask for invitations for themselves and their friends. It is astonishing to see the brazen way in which people seek to get invitations to entertainments by either writing directly to the giver or by asking some near relation or dear friend to do it for them. The last form is the most unpleasant, as the relations or friends have a natural repugnance to asking, when they already know the hostess will not, or, in view of the success of her ball, cannot, ask more people; and yet they are not able easily to refuse without rudeness. The begging for invitations is a growing evil in London society, and it is wonderful how many people will demean themselves by doing this who would be the first to condemn those poor wretches who beg in the streets for their daily bread. The difference is but slight, as they are both seeking to get what they want by importunity, though of course in the former case what is begged for is only an amusement, while in the latter it is a necessity of life. But in both cases it is often given most grudgingly, with the hope of stopping further importunity. It has even been known that invitations have been procured by friends of the donor for a pecuniary consideration from those wishing to be asked, and it is an open question which has sunk to the lower depths of degradation, the payer or payee. If people have duly called on the hostess earlier in the season, and count her as an acquaintance or a friend, they may feel sure that they are on her list, and that the omission is not accidental, and that they are laying themselves open to a severe snub which ought to make them feel very small.

The best balls in London are necessarily select; and, if the rooms and floor are good and the wine and supper well up to the mark, they are sure to be voted a success by those present. One of the great difficulties that present themselves to the giver of a ball is the getting together of a sufficiency of dancing men of the right sort; for men, with the exception of youths and old stagers, do not as a rule care for balls, and in London it is often a dismal sight to see the young ladies standing round the walls of the room and dancing comparatively few times in the evening. There are many men present who will not take the trouble to dance, or if they do, it is with one or two of their special friends, and when not dancing with these they are sitting out in some corner. It is extraordinary that young ladies care to go to balls, under existing circumstances, unless they happen to be "the fashion." Nowadays the dancing portion of the male element, at a ball, is chiefly represented by beardless youths, of cherubic countenance, who ought to be finishing their education somewhere, and whose conversation and powers of entertainment are most limited, but who try to atone for their want of age and knowledge by the assumption of a great deal of "side." The complaint of ladies now is most frequent, "that there were nothing but boys there last night who ought to be at school"; but if a hostess is to get enough "men" for dancing purposes, she is obliged to take these boys, they being the only procurable article that will dance, unless her balls are very "smart" and much sought after.

The consequence of boys of seventeen beginning to go to balls in London is that, when they are two or three and twenty, and likely to know how to talk and make themselves agreeable, they imagine themselves *blasé*, and cease to attend those entertainments. There are, of course, a certain number of old stagers, who have been "at it" for years; and the wonder is that these seem as keen for it as ever, though to young ladies who are just out it is somewhat of a disappointment to have to dance with men old enough to be their fathers, while to these "old hands" there should be a strong feeling of the vanity and emptiness of making this perpetual round of mild dissipation their one object in life. Another difficulty that presents itself to the hostess is the question of the pretty young married women. If she wants her ball to be a good and a smart one, she must ask a fair quantity of these, to attract the right sort of men; yet, unfortunately, if these ladies are present in large numbers, they monopolize the men, and bitter complaints issue from mothers that the young girls are neglected, except by the humbler and more retiring or the very youthful of mankind.

A pretty young married woman has many advantages over a girl, to the mind of man—there is not the slightest danger to him if he sits out three or four dances with her, a mild flirtation does not lead to the asking of intentions, and in many cases is quite harmless and platonic; and, again, men are allowed more liberty of conversation with married women than they are with girls. This latter fact has done much to deteriorate the tone of society now, as many girls after they have been out two or three seasons try to compete with their adversaries and think they can do so by adopting the style of conversation that they see is acceptable to the men in their rivals, with the result that though they may succeed in amusing the men for the time, yet they fail to induce them to marry them, as men are not such fools as to care to marry girls who show such "bad form," and whose conversation is so risqué. It should be a humiliating thing to them to think that they should have to amuse men by talking about and saying things that they ought not even to mention among themselves, and that the men are thereby led on to talk in a way that no modest girl should care to listen to. Mothers with girls to marry, as a rule, do not ask many of the pretty young married women, as they want to make their balls a success as a girls' ball. Many mothers make the great mistake of dragging their daughters about to every ball they are invited to, whether good, bad, or indifferent, even if there should happen to be one every night of the week. It is no good for a girl to be "hacked" about to inferior ones, and only militates against her chance of getting married, while if a girl be naturally pretty, nice, and bright, it is much better for her to be seen only at the good houses, where she will meet the right people. Another reason is that the great beauty of English girls is in their nice, fresh, healthy appearance, and if they are kept up every night in a bad atmosphere, at the end of the season, they look worn, jaded, and pale-faced, and lose their greatest charm, and want several weeks in the country to recuperate. Another mistake is to allow girls to stay to the very end of balls at three or four in the morning, when they look their worst with the morning light of the long summer days forcing itself in; moreover, they get utterly exhausted, and the next morning are unable to "come up to time." Many chaperons make a rule of only two or three balls a week, and home at 2 A.M.; and a very good rule it is. A good chaperon is a real study in the way in which she looks after and coaches her charges, whether they be daughters or relations. It is amusing to note how she rebukes them if they dance or sit out too much with a "detrimental," and warns them that there is no chance of such a one ever being able to marry, and that therefore it is a waste of time to encourage them, and possibly may be the means of keeping away some more eligible partners. Then the care she takes in introducing to her charges those who are well gilded, or who have good prospects, is most marked; and she loses no opportunity of bidding the favoured one to lunch, or to call on her, or to join in some entertainment; while she is most scrupulously careful not to encourage the "detrimentals" more than she can help. A chaperon's life cannot be a pleasant one, as she has to sit night after night against the wall, feeling extremely tired or bored, or perhaps both, and longing for her bed, yet bound to stay the prescribed time for the sake of her charges, her only relaxation being a descent or two to supper, where she feels she ought not to stay long, her duty being to keep a watchful eye on her young charges. What a relief it must be to her when she starts home, and what kindness she frequently shows by staying on later than her usual time at some good ball, at the urgent request of her young ladies. During the crowded part of a ball, from 11.30 to the time when the supper-room generally opens, at 1, the idea of dancing, in the real acceptance of the term, is a mere farce, and couples have only a chance of revolving after one another in a most limited space, with a considerable amount of cannoning going on. The dancing is also of various orders, from very bad to very good, and it seems an unfortunate fact that many young men who are most keen about it are but indifferent performers; and it is, no doubt, a hardship for young ladies who like it, and dance well, to be obliged to dance with such, as it is difficult for them to decline if they happen to be standing idle when one of these comes and asks them. The dancing in England is far below the standard of France, Austria, or America, where it is a natural accomplishment. There are many, of course, at balls, who look upon dancing as quite a secondary object, and who spend the most of their time in the quiet nooks and corners which abound

at a good ball; these latter just take one turn or so for appearances sake, and then retire to enjoy their quiet flirtations. More life has been thrown into London balls in the last few years by the re-introduction of polkas, Highland schottisches, and, in some cases even, late in the evening, of "Margate Lancers," which partake of the nature of the servant's-ball, both in the dances themselves, and in the energetic manner in which they are carried on. Where there is a "cotillon" the ball must be necessarily kept up very late, as it cannot be begun till the rooms are very considerably thinned, and if it is a good ball very many will stay on long beyond their usual time on purpose to join in it, which makes the difficulty of an early start all the greater. To young people, no doubt, a ball is the most enjoyable form of entertainment, and those who give balls are worthy of all praise. For they have to go through all the discomforts of having their house turned upside down for a week or so, of paying large bills, and of coming in for a good deal of ill-natured talk levelled against them by those they have not asked, and for a great many deprecatory remarks from those who were there, if, in their opinion, the ball was not up to the mark.

BRADYOPIA.

THE charm of the Greek language is admitted by all (except those who don't know it), and it has perhaps never been better exemplified than in the above word, which has just been invented by a specialist in political nosology. It is a beautiful word—correctly formed, if not exactly to be found in the lexicon, much wanted, and combining expressiveness with portability. Moreover, as all good words should do, it moralizes two meanings in its single form. There is the natural and obvious meaning of "slowness of sight," for which a term distinct from "shortness of sight," or "indistinctness of sight," has long been wanted. For the disease is very common, indeed, and most common of all in politics. But it has a further meaning, and one particularly applicable to the general question of the moment; not such a general question as that in connexion with which the celebrated and beloved Lord Peter was wont "to break the laws of God and man and metre"; but Home Rule. Bradyopia in connexion with this question (it is fully and technically called Bradyopia Gladstonianorum) is, in other words, the defect of seeing all things in Brady—Joe Brady, the unfortunate brave whom a too zealous use of the implements bought by that brave little woman, the wife of Mr. Parnell's friend, brought to the gallows-tree, and who is doubtless nightly remembered in the orisons of Mr. Conynbaur, Archbishop Croke, and other representatives of intellect and religion. As Spinoza saw all things in the Divinity, as many celebrated persons have seen all things in themselves, so does the sufferer from Bradyopia see all things in Brady. How will it affect Brady? is his first question when some Irish measure is proposed. Will it make the Brady of the future uncomfortable? Will it tend to prevent the increase, multiplication, and flourishing of Bradies? And in accordance with the answers to these questions the conduct of the Bradyopian is decided. Yea, a still more interesting phenomenon, familiar to the nosologist, develops itself in him. For, as drunkenness accuses others of being drunk, so does the Bradyopian accuse others of Bradyopia, only in a different form from his own. He complains that they see imaginary Bradies drive fictitious daggers home, and the clearest evidence won't convince him to the contrary.

The most remarkable instance of and development of this curious disease has been seen, it need hardly be said, since the introduction, or rather promise, of the Government Coercion Bill. Never was there such an outburst of protest as the outburst of protest against injustice to Brady. For it need hardly be said that nobody except Brady and his kind, less perfect or more perfect, could be by any possibility damned or molested by Mr. Balfour's Bill if it were passed whole and entire to-morrow. It makes no new crime, it introduces no new punishment, it admits no new evidence, it interferes with no exercise of any right on the part of an honest and peaceable citizen. As Professor Dicey, who knows what he is talking about in such matters, says, "The only right it takes away is the right not to be convicted of crime," and no doubt that right is very dear to the persons concerned. It was never the wont of the Bradies to surrender such rights without reluctance, and we find no fault with the howls which have come from Ireland. Mr. Sikes demanding (in language unfortunately not suited for publication) that burglars shall not be interfered with, Mr. Riderhood more softly pleading that "It's wery 'ard, that it is, that an honest man mayn't get his living by the sweat of his brow," may not be exactly respectable characters, but they are in a way excusable. We don't even quarrel with a Parnellite print for describing the *Times*' revelation of Parnellite crime as "villanous." In a certain sense it was a villanous revelation, the same sense in which we speak of a great criminal lawyer, implying that Mr. Horsehair, Q.C., has a good deal professionally to do with crimes, but certainly not accusing him of committing them. The "beastly bellowings" of Parnellites in the House, the rummaging out of all the old froth and Billingsgate of the last century (for your vituperative Irishman is strangely lacking in invention, and even "cataract and coercion" is only plagiarised from Shiel's famous blackguardism about the Duke of York) are all quite natural. "Brady," says the Judge to the prisoner that is to be, "what have you got to say?" and Brady says it *more suo*.

That Brady should see all things in Brady is, we say, quite natural; it is the other people that are wondrous. Short as this time has been, a quite miraculous anthology of instances can be collected. One Gladstonian print declares that means for the better stringing up of Brady "sacrifice principles hitherto held inviolate by all nations claiming to be free." Another calls the preparation of these inconveniences for him "monstrous." The *Daily News*, as might be expected, sees its Brady before it, and never takes its eye off him. To curtail his amusements is "the most wanton and mischievous measure of modern times"; it is "shameful"; "a storm of public indignation is rising" at this horrid interference with the liberty of unlicensed murdering. In and out of Parliament Gladstonian speakers take up the pleasing tale. Mr. Gladstone himself protests against listening to the opinions of judges (persons, it must be admitted, who are by practice and profession the deadly enemies of Brady). He elicits "laughter" by saying that the too docile Brady learnt pitch-capping from the Yeomanry of '98. To punish or to facilitate the punishing of a mere pitchcapper *in statu pupillari* would be "one of the gravest and grossest breaches of trust that any Parliament could commit." To add, when Brady takes his walks abroad, a new terror, not to the life of the victims, but to the life of Brady himself, is "wounding," "insulting," "exasperating" the Irish people, whom Mr. Gladstone thus kindly identifies with Brady. Mr. Morley is less shocked, but more angry. To vote for the discomfiture of Brady is to be "a white negro"; to propose particular means for it is "monstrous and intolerable," "grotesque," "malignant," "silly," "atrocious," "vindictive," "intolerable." We really wonder that Mr. Morley, who is a man of letters, and who used to possess some humour, could refrain from ejaculating "*Le pauvre homme!*" and then chuckling at himself as he was thus commiserating the potential outrages on Brady. After his and Mr. Gladstone's lamentations and protests, it is, of course, nothing to find Mr. Winterbotham protesting against "abridging the liberties" of Brady, Mr. Neville representing the attempt to suppress the good man as "keeping a running sore open in the side of England," Mr. Illingworth comparing the methods of Brady the great to those of the Primrose League [by the way, is Mrs. Frank Byrne a "Liberal woman"?], Mr. McNeill declaring that Brady and the cause of Ireland "must win," Mr. Schwann looking forward to the time when "Irish patriots would unveil a statue of Liberty [in the form and features of Brady?] at Queenstown," Mr. Bernard Coleridge arguing that to hang Brady is "merely a mode of extracting rents." Of course not one of these honourable gentlemen, of these indignant journalists, so much as mentioned Brady by name; indeed, such are the possibilities of that extraordinary machine called the human mind that perhaps not one of them was aware who was his real client or what he was really defending, denouncing, arguing for, arguing against. Yet each one of them had in reality only Brady in his eye, and was passionately advocating only the further enfranchisement of Brady, the freeing of Brady from the restraints of bodily fear, the provision of more Bradies to carry out the active part of the Irish Nationalist programme. Mr. Punch, who, notwithstanding his little political weaknesses and peccadillos, generally comes right at a great crisis, had four years ago or so a famous cartoon showing the real Brady, if we remember rightly, behind a curtain receiving his hire. Such a curtain, of another sort no doubt, seems to exist between the English Gladstonians and this singular *protégé* of theirs. They use the noblest words, they invoke the most sacred names, they imitate—each according to his taste and means—Demosthenes, or Cicero, or Burke, or O'Connell, or the gutter orators of Cork and Chicago, in denouncing the curtailment of the liberties of the Irish people. And all the while Brady, behind the curtain, is waiting for the effect of their pleadings, and chuckling at the prospect of greater freedom and less responsibility.

"Verily, a most singular phenomenon!" as Mr. Gane, Q.C., G.L.M.P., who seems to have imbibed a fancy for Carlylese without imbibing any of Mr. Carlyle's principles, would perhaps remark. Nor have we any intention of disputing the proposition. We really do not know that there is one of the English or Scotch Parnellites who—eyes unsealed and mind unfogged—contemplating Brady as he is, would care much for him. You must be born across St. George's Channel to have a genuine taste for that kind of company, the real Bradyophilist only *Hibernia gignit*. But that a considerable number of presumably not disreputable persons should be able to "make believe," to the extent of screaming and gnashing of teeth against a proposed law against Brady and against nobody else, save the Bradies major and Bradies minor, is one of the most wonderful facts of that most wonderful of all sciences, politics. Some good, silly person of the feminine persuasion, mentally, if not corporeally, has denounced Mr. Balfour's Bill as "worse than the Six Acts." For us we own arithmetical expressions have no terrors, and we should not much care if the Bill were denounced as worse than the Nine Oils or the Forty-five Guardsmen. The writer who used the phrase probably does not know that his dreaded Six Acts achieved their purpose, and are admitted now by competent students of history to have effected a notable improvement in the social condition of England. But, as it happens, there could not be anything more different than Mr. Balfour's Bill and the unpopular portion of the Six Acts. Mr. Balfour makes nothing illegal that was not illegal before, lays no stamp duty on *United Ireland* or the *Freeman's Journal*, subjects no man—not Brady himself—to

any disability from which he is now free, but merely proposes measures for getting the law to act against criminals who are pronounced to be criminals by the law of every nation. The force of Bradyopia could no further go, though in this particular instance, no doubt, it was reinforced by the force of ignorance.

LAST TERM AT CAMBRIDGE.

THAT well-worn theme of moralists—the delusiveness of hope—is receiving a striking illustration at Cambridge. When the Commissioners appointed by the Act of Parliament of 1877 had settled their Statute B—under which the colleges were to contribute a certain percentage of their incomes to the University—it was expected that that mythical coffer, the University Chest, would shortly be running over with gold. A new era was about to be inaugurated. Everybody was to marry, and everybody was to be rich. The colleges—musty, old-world institutions—were to be superseded, for educational purposes, by a crowd of professors, readers, lecturers—all well paid, and all well provided with spacious museums, laboratories, and lecture-rooms. Collegiate interference with the freedom of students would no longer be permitted; that antiquated obstruction, the college tutor, would soon be as extinct as the dodo—nay, even the sacred headships themselves, some audacious persons whispered, must inevitably go down in the general overthrow of everything that stood in the way of University extension and University prosperity.

Five years, save three months, have now elapsed since Statute B was approved by the Queen in Council, and therefore the success or failure of the new state of things can by this time be satisfactorily tested. That the hopes, or fears, of destruction have not been realized, we need hardly waste time in recording. The collegiate system shows no sign of decay—nay, rather, if new buildings, like new wood springing out of an old tree, may be taken as a sign of vitality—it has taken a fresh lease of life. But the life of to-day is not the life of ten years ago. Students are no longer content with the instruction to be gained from a college lecture-room, but in divinity, law, medicine, history, science—in a word, in all departments except classics and mathematics, they crowd the University lecture-rooms in enormous numbers. The difficulty is, where to bestow them and their teachers. For, successful as the new state of things is from one point of view, there is another side to the picture, and by no means so bright a one. The visions of financial prosperity have faded away, and the University, having regard to what it is now called upon to do, finds itself poorer than in former days.

It is notorious that the whole scheme of college taxation was based upon the assumption that the incomes of those institutions would increase; and, in confident expectation of this increase, it was provided by Statute B that the colleges should contribute in an ascending scale—namely, in 1884 not less than 5,000*l.* nor more than 6,000*l.*; in 1885, 1886, 1887, not less than 10,000*l.* nor more than 12,000*l.*; in 1888, 1889, 1890, not less than 15,000*l.* nor more than 18,000*l.*; in 1891, 1892, 1893, not less than 20,000*l.* nor more than 24,000*l.*; in 1894, 1895, 1896, not less than 25,000*l.* nor more than 30,000*l.*; and in every subsequent year 30,000*l.* Already, through the combined effects of agricultural depression and the necessity for paying the above contribution, some colleges are so severely crippled that the income of a professorial Fellow has fallen below what it would have been if the professor did not hold a Fellowship; and the incomes of the actual Fellows are less than half what they were ten years ago. No wonder that the late Vice-Chancellor, in his speech on resigning office in January last, made an appeal, *in forma pauperis*, "to those whom Providence has blessed with affluence," if there be any such persons nowadays. Dr. Swainson said:—

We really need that it should be proclaimed through the length of England that, instead of our University being a wealthy body, we are hampered on every side by the want of funds. We want money for our Library; we want money to build Museums; we want money to build Lecture-rooms; we want money for Laboratories, money to build Examination Halls. The increased number of our students, the nine hundred and twenty-one matriculations which took place last term, show the estimate in which the teaching of our teaching staff is held; surely we may appeal to the wealth of England to enable us to accommodate those numbers suitably, to enable them to partake in the to them most convenient fashion of the instruction which our professors convey—to enable these scholars and these students to conduct the researches for which their officers are endowed. I conceive that we want at present at least 100,000*l.* placed at the disposal of the University, to carry on our work. Judge, therefore, of the sorrow with which I mentioned that our income [that is, the income of the colleges taken together] falls short by nearly 25,000*l.* a year of that which it was calculated that it would be in the year 1886.

It is hardly to be expected that the colleges will not before long make some effort to reduce the amount of their contribution. The regulations for the amount of the contribution are succeeded in the statute by the proviso that, "In case it appears at any time hereafter to the Financial Board that the aggregate income of the colleges has fallen so low that the contribution required would be an excessive burden upon the colleges, the Chancellor may, upon the application of the Financial Board, inquire into the matter; and, if he be satisfied that the fact is so, he may at his discretion direct that the amount to be levied be diminished for any period not exceeding five years by any sum not exceeding one-fifth part of the minimum amount named for each year of such period."

Meanwhile the Common University Fund is charged with the payment of the salaries of certain professors, three readers, and a goodly number of lecturers and demonstrators, appointed, with questionable prudence, when the financial prospect was clearer. The total of these salaries amounts to 5,485*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*, so that there is little enough left for buildings, the need for which is daily becoming more and more urgent. To carry out some of these a loan of 70,000*l.* has been effected, to be paid in instalments between 1886 and 1896; but, with one exception, it is still undecided—we might almost say it is being hotly debated—what buildings are to be erected, and where they are to be placed. The following have been suggested:—

| | £ |
|--|--------|
| Chemical Laboratory | 30,000 |
| Pathological Laboratory, with large Lecture-theatre and Class-rooms for Physiology | 10,000 |
| Sedgwick Memorial Museum, share to be borne by the University | 13,000 |
| Extension of the Library | 15,500 |
| Medical School | 10,000 |
| Plant-houses in Botanic Garden | 6,000 |
| | 84,500 |

It is obvious that 84,500*l.* cannot be paid with 70,000*l.*; but the University has lately received 6,000*l.* from the Press, and about 10,500*l.* has been bequeathed to it by the Rev. Edward Grey Hancock, of St. John's College, "to be applied in whatever way should seem best to promote the general interests of the said University." This bequest it is proposed to apply to the extension of the Library. These sums, if all available at once, would cover the cost of the proposed buildings, but the surplus would not go far towards the purchase of any sites that may be needed; and, moreover, it is clear from a Report of the Financial Board, dated February 9, 1887, that they regard the taking up of the last 30,000*l.* of the above-mentioned loan as problematical; and, should the colleges resist an enlarged contribution, and be successful in so resisting, no doubt, as the Board says, "some of the above projects must be modified, if not abandoned." It must be remembered, however, that the credit of the University, as a body, will still remain, and that individuals may not improbably be found willing to lend money to it on bond, as they have already done on former occasions.

We stated above that one new building might be excepted from those which were under debate. We alluded to the Chemical Laboratory, which was begun early in last year, and is now being steadily pressed forward to completion. The architect, Mr. Stevenson, has designed a building of great beauty, which promises to be a real ornament to the place; while the internal arrangements, due to the skill and knowledge of Professor Liveing, will be all that they ought to be. The Museum of Geology, on the other hand, is still without a site, though it has got so far as to have a design suggested for it, which some few persons regard with favour. Yet surely, as a building intended to commemorate Professor Sedgwick, and to be erected in great part out of funds (now amounting to nearly 18,000*l.*) subscribed soon after his death in 1873, it cannot be much longer delayed. Its position, however, has given rise to a controversy, on the issue of which, insignificant as it seems at first sight to be, much of the future scientific reputation of the University depends. It was proposed, in the first instance, to place it next to the Chemical Laboratory, between Downing Street and the New Museums, where, as Professor Newton has pointed out, it may easily be connected with the building which contains the Zoological Museum, so that a student of geology may readily pass from one museum to the other, and be taught, by inspection, the great lesson of the continuity of life on the earth—a truth on which modern biologists are never tired of insisting. This scheme was at one time approved by the Professor of Geology, but, in a recently published pamphlet, he has proclaimed that "a better site on the opposite side of Downing Street may be acquired from Downing College"; and further, fortified by letters from twenty-one more or less distinguished men of science, he proceeds to demolish the views of those who advocate the former site, on the ground that their real object is "to incorporate, at some future time, the Geological with the Zoological collections, and to arrange the whole zoologically." And so, on some day early in next term, the University will be called together to vote Yes or No upon the question, "Shall a new site be purchased from Downing College?" or, in other words, shall geology and zoology be permanently separated from each other?

We have dwelt at some length on the closely connected questions of finance and new buildings, on account of the far-reaching issues raised by them; but it must not be supposed that they have been allowed to block all others. The University is making progress in various directions, and encouraging that diversity of studies which has of late years been one of the distinguishing marks of the intellectual life of Cambridge. The selected candidates for the Civil Service of India are now coming into residence in numbers sufficiently large to render further provision for their instruction desirable, and the Senate has not hesitated to raise the annual grant from 500*l.* to 850*l.*, notwithstanding the financial difficulties of the University. In the next place, geography will probably, at no distant date, be added to the studies of the place. The Council of the Senate have gladly welcomed a very liberal offer made by the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, who propose to assist in the payment of the salary of a professor or reader, and the foundation of one or more exhibitions and prizes, and to send lecturers to deliver courses of lectures

on geography. The scheme, at present, is only in outline; but it has been received with so much favour, and fits in so well with parts of so many existing groups of studies, that it can hardly fail to be accepted, and to become, as the Council puts it, "a new opening for an interesting and useful career." In Natural Science further incitements to study have been offered by the establishment of the John Lucas Walker studentship in Pathology, which has been triumphantly carried; by the bequest of Mrs. Clerk Maxwell, who has left her residuary estate to found a scholarship in Experimental Physics commemorative of her late husband, the first Cambridge Professor in that science; and, lastly, by the foundation of the Harkness Scholarship in Geology. On the other hand, the Senate has refused to sanction a scheme for a Mechanical Science Tripos. The grounds of opposition were various, and some difficult of exact definition; but the majority against the scheme was so large that it is not likely to be revived for some time to come.

Will the Muse of History be thought to stoop her wing if she records that it is proposed, in the Michaelmas Term next, to have the *Edipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles represented in the original Greek by members of the University?

RACING

ALTHOUGH racing has been wonderfully prosperous of late, while nearly every other undertaking, whether for pleasure or profit, has suffered from the hard times, it cannot be said that the present season has opened under very encouraging circumstances. It is rather curious that, although the Great Eclipse Stakes of 10,000*l.* was contested for the first time in 1886, the amount of money won in stakes during the year in England was considerably less than in 1885; while the number of races was reduced by thirty-eight. Nor were the returns of the blood-stock sales more encouraging. The yearlings sold at public auction last year averaged only 215 guineas, against 257 guineas in the previous year. A difference of 42 guineas a head is a very serious one to breeders, and in many cases it would halve the profits. No yearling in 1886 realized a price within 800 guineas of the 3,900 guineas given for a yearling filly by Hermit in 1885. The yearlings by Hermit last year did not make half the averages that they brought in during the previous year, their prices being beaten hollow by those of the yearlings by Sterling, and in a lesser degree by the stock of Petrarch also; but, as only two yearlings by the last-named horse were sold by auction, the average in his case must not be taken for more than it is worth. Considering the extraordinary successes of his son Ormonde, Bend Or's four yearlings might have been expected to make a higher average than 410 guineas. His old rival, Robert the Devil, beat him fairly with ten yearlings at an average of 537 guineas; but yearling averages are apt to be deceptive. Looking at the performances of the stock of the various sires now at stud, we see no reason for any depreciation in the value of yearlings by Hermit, who is now twenty-three years old. The large sum (21,552*l.*) credited to Bend Or by Ormonde should not be made too much of, as it was won by a single horse. The same sum formed the bulk of the 24,430*l.* which placed the Duke of Westminster at the head of the list of winners. "Mr. Manton" was second, with 14,174*l.* In 1885 Mr. Peck headed the list with 22,195*l.*, the Duke of Westminster and Lord Hastings almost running a dead heat for second place, with 14,990*l.* and 14,717*l.*

The regular racing season began on Monday, March 23rd, at Lincoln, when the Bathany Stakes, the principal race of the day, was won by The Gloamin, a three-year-old colt by Philammon, that had won a Nursery Handicap under a heavy weight in October. The field was made up of a dozen horses of different ages, representing good plating form, and as The Gloamin won pretty easily under a fair weight, he may do some smart things over five furlongs, unless the handicappers are severe with him—a contingency which seems not unlikely, as he has already been handicapped for the Durdans Handicap at Epsom 9 lbs. above Purple Emperor, who won the Champion Breeders' Stakes of 1,214*l.* at Derby last autumn, beating seventeen other two-year-olds. On the second day at Lincoln the first great two-year-old race of the season, the Brocklesby Stakes of 1,309*l.*, brought out twenty horses, and was won by a short head by the favourite, Mr. G. Young's Volcano, by The Miser, a strongly built, but not very large, colt who has but few engagements. The Duke of Portland's Saltpetre, a bay gelding by Peter, ran gamely; but, being a roarer, he is not likely to distinguish himself very greatly in the future, although his speed may enable him to win some good races in spite of his infirmity. Sainfoin, who ran third, is thought to be a colt of some promise, and it is far from unlikely that he may improve upon this performance.

Another field of twenty came out the next day for the Lincolnshire Handicap. The afternoon was wretched, and, although the heavy rain of the morning had cleared off, there was a tremendous wind, and it was fearfully cold. "Mr. Manton's" Oberon, a four-year-old colt by Galopin out of Wheel of Fortune, who had cost 2,500 guineas as a yearling at Lord Falmouth's sale, and had only won a couple of unimportant races, now started at 50 to 1, and won easily by a couple of lengths. He was not heavily weighted at 7 st. 8 lbs.; but it was a very creditable performance, and he was well ridden by Martin. The favourite at the start was Mr. L. de Rothschild's Middlethorpe; Mr. Naylor's Fulmen,

the winner of last year, had been favourite up to the morning of the race; but both ran badly, being beaten before reaching the distance. Despair ran well until it came to a struggle, and Martin did not take the lead from him with Oberon until he had run some way inside the distance. Renny, a very lightly-weighted five-year-old, was second, and Lord Bradford's Isobar, who did not race at all last year, was third, a length behind him. This was a very decent performance on the part of Isobar, as he was giving 26 lbs. to Renny, and 3 lbs. more than weight for age to the winner. A practical criticism on this form was furnished a few days later in the published list of weights for the City and Suburban Handicap, for which Isobar and Oberon were placed on even terms. Pizarro, who had an advantage of 11 lbs. at weight for age over Oberon, was a good fourth. His chance had been much fancied and he started third favourite. Some good judges, however, consider him untrustworthy, and some of his form seems unaccountably bad. Last year he lost all his races, and the year before, although he won the Newmarket Handicap of 1,000*l.*, he was unplaced for six races out of seven. Three days after the Lincolnshire Handicap he ran a bad third for the Liverpool Cup, after holding a good position throughout the greater part of the race. Considering his heavy burden of 8 st. 12 lbs., King Monmouth, who was fifth, did not disgrace himself. He was giving a stone more than weight for age to the winner, and two stone and a half to the second, but he also ran badly at Liverpool, later in the week. Braw Lass ran so badly that it is clear she has not regained the brilliant form which she showed in the autumn of her two-year-old career, and the useful plater Castor, who won ten races out of thirteen last year, was outclassed here, although he was handicapped within a pound of the winner, and started fourth favourite. We have dwelt at some length on the running of the beaten horses in the Lincolnshire Handicap because it may be taken as the foundation of the public form of the year. Indeed it would be worth while to refer to the list of weights for the whole handicap, as it amounts to a commentary on the miler's form of last season. If we were a racing tutor there are certain handicaps which we should oblige our pupils to commit to memory, and the Lincolnshire Handicap is one of them.

Those who care for steeple-chasing as well as for flat-racing had a busy time of it last week. Even on the day of the Lincolnshire Handicap the Grand Military Steeplechases were being run at Sandown, where the Prince of Wales's victory in the Grand Military Hunt Cup gave universal pleasure. The Grand Military Gold Cup was won by the old flat-racer, Dalesman, who lost eleven races out of twelve last season. He seems to take kindly to his new work, and his rider and owner, Captain Fisher, did wisely in waiting with him until he had got safely over the last hurdles, when he came with a rush, and won entirely by speed. It was rather hard on Captain Fisher, after riding in four steeplechases, and winning two of them on his own horses, to get a rattling fall and heavy shaking in the last race of the day, dislocating his elbow-joint and receiving a slight concussion of the brain.

On the first day at Liverpool the Manton stable followed up the surprise it had given the public in the Lincolnshire Handicap by winning the Molyneux Stakes for two-year-olds with Pull Together, a bay colt by See Saw, who started at 10 to 1. On the second day a field of sixteen went to the post for the Grand National. Spahi, an Irish horse, who had won three races out of four on the flat last year, was first favourite. Roquefort, the winner of two years ago, was second favourite; and Old Joe, Too Good, and Gamecock, the first, second, and third in the race last year, were backed at 12, 14, and 20 to 1. Spahi would not jump. We may observe here that he was put to his old work on the flat again on the following day in the race for the Queen's Plate, when, although beaten by Bird of Freedom, he beat both Stone Clink and King Monmouth, at even weights, by several lengths—no mean performance! In the Grand National, however, he almost fell at the first fence, and quite at the second, two other horses coming down at the same time. The rest of the field were very well together as they came into the racecourse the first time; but Hunter rolled over at the open ditch. When they had re-entered the "country," Old Joe made such a blunder at another open ditch that he was quite knocked out of time; and soon afterwards Magpie, the fourth favourite, broke down. A couple of fences beyond Valentine's Brook, Spectrum fell heavily. Some six or seven horses landed on the racecourse the last time in pretty close order, including Roquefort, Savoyard, the third favourite, and Gamecock. Savoyard led over the long wearying stretch of racecourse which makes the Grand National such a notoriously trying race. Roquefort, who was carrying the highest weight in the handicap, was tired out, and fell over the rails. The race now became a match between Savoyard and Gamecock, the pair charging the last hurdle almost abreast. Gamecock then got the best of it, and, gaining ground over the whole run in, won by about three lengths, to the delight of the ring and the confusion of backers. He continued his good works by winning the Champion Steeplechase the next day.

At Northampton, Lord Spencer's Plate was won by Baron de Hirsch's three-year-old filly Guadiana, by Galopin, who won some good races last year. She was giving weight to everything in the race. The already-mentioned Saltpetre won the Althorp Park Stakes of 776*l.* With a speedy roarer it is wise to make hay while the sun shines. The Great Northamptonshire Stakes was won by Mr. L. de Rothschild's Middlethorpe twice over, as it was

found that the horses had run 250 yards more than the course, and the race had to be run a second time. General Pearson's two-year-old Anarchy, a black colt by Thurio, gave the Liverpool hero, Pull Together, a decisive beating for the Ascot Plate of 600*l.*

The publication of the Spring Handicaps shows some difference of opinion among their compilers. For the Great Metropolitan Stakes, Hambledon is made to give Stone Clink 4 lbs.; while for the Chester Cup, over the same distance, Stone Clink has, on the contrary, to give Hambledon 5 lbs. For the former race, Althorp gives Stone Clink 2 lbs., and for the latter Stone Clink gives Althorp 2 lbs. In the first handicap there is a stone between Button Park and Hambledon, whereas in the second there are only 3 lbs.; but doctors will ever differ in racing as well as in other matters.

HOLIDAY TASKS.

MR. PAYN'S *Holiday Tasks* (Chatto & Windus) is readable and amusing, and to be readable and amusing is always something in this world. It so happens, too, that in this present volume he has inserted hardly anything of the curious Philistinism about literature which he sometimes affects. Indeed, the last article here, "The Blessedness of Books," is a kind of palinode such as might almost persuade one that Mr. Payn had been joking after all in his celebrated preference of Bradshaw to the works of no matter who. For one batch of the papers, extending from "The Old Baby" to "The Hurt Family," we confess we care little, and we should think that they must have been written in Mr. Payn's nonage. They are mere *pastiches* of Leigh Hunt's manner and not his happiest manner by any means. The holiday series "At Grass," "Back in Town," and so forth, which most people will remember in the *Times*, are something of the same kind but better, and more in Mr. Payn's own style. But he is at his best in yet another set which is less of a set and perhaps better for that reason. A good deal has been written "on growing old" and its delights. Mr. Payn's "First Warning" and the "Downward Slope," though rather uncomfortable, are perhaps wholesome protests on the other side, and display a certain grimness of humour which, though less popular, is better than his usual cheerful Voltairianism adjusted to the meridian of Pall Mall. We welcome and endorse "Tips," a sensible protest against the Americanizing nonsense which proscribes a very natural and graceful practice as deleterious to the dignity of that exceedingly dignified creature man. "A New Calling" falls rather below its well-known model (by the way, why does Mr. Payn refer to Fitzboodle's Professions as if there were only one?) But "Fraudulent Guests" and "On being Pilled" are capital, and there is good sense (mixed with a little of Mr. Payn's old addiction to the theories of Gath and Gaza) in "Success in Fiction." Best of all, perhaps, is the paper on "School Legends," to which another of Mr. Payn's heresies—his dislike of his school—communicates an agreeable acidity. As a rule, these heresies appear but little, and only in a mild, venial, San-Benito-with-the-devils-turned-the-less-fatal-way form. We must protest, however, against his echoing the very common fallacy of denouncing talk about wine at dinner. "Wine talk is very good talk," said some one greater than Mr. Payn, with all Mr. Payn's merits—to wit, Mr. Thackeray—and most assuredly it is for any one who knows anything about it. As for those who do not, they ought to be only too glad to learn.

A NORWEGIAN PLAY.

THE audience that collected in St. George's Hall last Saturday night to see *A Man of Business* had at least the satisfaction of being introduced to a curiously exact picture of Norwegian life. We do not propose to criticize the performance in detail; merely as a dramatic representation it would not claim our notice. But the first appearance on English boards of one of the most competent of Continental playwrights demands a few words, especially as the actors on Saturday did not attempt to "adapt" their drama, but presented an almost baldly literal version of the original. The result was not satisfactory from the histrionic point of view, but had considerable literary interest, besides being, as we have said, Norwegian to an extraordinary degree. The play translated was Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's *En Fallit* ("A Bankruptcy"), originally brought out in 1874, and since that date played constantly, and with sustained success, not in Norway merely, but all over Germany, Sweden, and Denmark. *En Fallit* is one of the stock-pieces of the Teutonic world, and a very characteristic example of the kind of comedy nowadays most acceptable to the taste of Northern Europe. To an English spectator, accustomed only to our farcical and sentimental comedies, bristling with little incidents and "funny business," such a drama as *En Fallit* seems hardly like a play at all, but rather a novel of the Howells or Henry James class put on the stage. In point of fact, Norwegian drama, as represented by Ibsen and Bjørnson, is curiously allied to the newest school of American novel, with this difference, that it attacks social problems with a great deal more courage, and that it is less shy of introducing critical incident. But it is analytical in the same fashion, develops minute shades of character by abundant conversation, and eschews with extreme care the elements of romance.

In writing *En Fallit* Bjørnson opened a new field, or rather

entered one which Ibsen, in 1869, had begun to work with his *De Unges Forbund* ("The Young Men's Union"), and then had abandoned. Each of these plays is a satire on social conditions in Norway at the very time when they were written, and since their production both these eminent playwrights have continued to compete in this kind of work for popular favour. *En Fallit* is an attack on fraudulent bankruptcy. At the time it was produced several of the largest mercantile houses in Norway were on the verge of ruin, and were kept floating by tricks which seemed to Björnson to deserve the severest reprobation. He happened to take the subject up in the very nick of time, and one or two very sensational failures occupied public attention while his play was still fresh on the boards. This circumstance, no doubt, in addition to the very genuine merit of the piece, gave *En Fallit* an extraordinary success with the public, who listened from the boards of the theatre to a prophet warning them, night after night, in solemn tones, of the judgment to come. We do not easily understand in this country the effect which the stage may have on society when, as in Norway in our generation, the best literature is that which is written for the theatre, and the play is the most refined intellectual entertainment provided for the public.

The scene of *En Fallit* takes place in a small country town in the south of Norway. The hero, Tjælde, is the principal merchant of the neighbourhood. He has a large place of business, a beautiful house by the sea-side, and a family who have grown up in the apathy of luxurious wealth. Times have been bad, he has not been willing to retrench, and he has ventured to speculate more and more rashly, until, when the play opens, he has been a ruined man for three years, holding out in the face of the world by mere truculence, on the strength of his old prestige. The crisis has come at last, and, during the day when the action of the play takes place, he makes a final effort to dazzle his creditors and raise a fresh loan, but is baffled and completely exposed. There is a fourth act, which has always appeared to us much less happily devised than the rest of the play; this is supposed to pass three years later, when the bankrupt, by exercising his eminent business talents in a humbler and honest sphere, contrives to pay off his debts, and all ends happily, with a ringing of marriage-bells. We cannot but feel that the naked tragedy of the first three acts would have been grander unadorned, if the dramatist could have dared to leave it so, as Ibsen has more than once dared to leave his grim dramatic studies. The by-play is in the hands of the merchant's wife, who has long suspected that all is wrong; of his two daughters—one, Valborg, a robust character, made to conduct affairs; the other, Signe, a soft and idle little creature; of the various officials and functionaries of the country town, and of some legal visitors from the capital.

As we have said, the main interest of Saturday's performance was that it seemed very Norwegian. The scene which went best was the dinner-party at the beginning of the second act, which to any one who knows Norwegian society of this kind, with its speeches and toasts, noisy congratulations and long-drawn farewells, was very amusing. Mr. Albert Alberg, who superintended the management, besides taking the part of Tjælde, is an actor who has appeared before now on the British stage, though never, we believe, in London. He is better known as an actor in Stockholm. His pronunciation of English leaves much to be desired. Mr. R. Sweetman, who looks like a juvenile Mr. Toole, acted excellently in the comic part of a rough brewer, Jacobson, and did much to keep the piece alive. Valborg Tjælde was played with care and conviction by Miss Morland. The version of the play as *A Man of Business* was too literal to be idiomatic, and would need revision if the experiment of acting Björnson's interesting play were ever repeated.

FATHER GARNET AND THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

FATHER KELLER'S claim of priestly privilege, if more absurdly irrelevant, is perhaps a little less insolent than that of his reverend brother in the Irish priesthood who the other day warned two Land Agents off the hunting-field under a threat that, if they persisted in following the Meath Hounds, the whole hunt should be stopped. In the latter case however the clerical autocrat appears to have acted avowedly as the head and mouthpiece of the local branch of the National League, and no questions of confidential obligation were involved. Mr. de Lisle, again, speaking in Parliament last Wednesday, quoted another "P.P.," Mr. Costigan, who exhorted his hearers "not to kill landlords physically, but to make their lives a living death," and a second, Mr. Duggan, who frankly told them—speaking with Archbishop Croke's entire approval—that their one duty to landlords was "to bury them." But Father Keller expressly claims immunity for all communications made to him "as a priest," though not in confession, by those who are engaged—with his own full approval—in a conspiracy for evading the law, both divine and human, by refusing to pay their lawful debts. It is quite true no doubt in one sense that these criminal secrets were confided to him "as a priest," because in many parts of Ireland the parish priest is regarded and regards himself as the local officer of the National League. Supposing the mayor of the town, or the chief physician or solicitor residing there, was so regarded, he might with equal reason claim professional privilege for all illegal confidences of which he had been the chosen depositary. To

argue seriously against so absurd a pretension would be worse than waste of time; it is a betrayal of the first principles of legality and common sense to admit that it is arguable at all. There is nothing new or unintelligible in the profession of "honour among thieves," but if the thieves' law of honour may be legally urged as a plea of exemption in the witness-box, the administration of justice is reduced to a farce. And it matters not twopence whether the plea is put forward by Robin Hood or Friar Tuck; there is one law here for the layman and the priest. The question of sacramental confession stands no doubt on different ground; whether there ought to be, and whether in fact there is, an exemption recognized in English law for secrets revealed in confession, corresponding e.g. to the privilege of solicitors, are points arguable, and which in fact are argued, on both sides. Without entering on that discussion, it may suffice to observe here that there is an obvious distinction between the claim of privilege for secrets revealed in confession and the preposterous claim put forward by Messrs. Keller and Ryan for withholding information in a court of justice on any matters which they may please to assert are confided to them "as priests," though not in the confessional. Communications of the former kind are made in reliance on the absolute secrecy to which the confessor is known to be pledged by his Church under the severest penalties, and but for that security would not be made at all. It is difficult therefore to see how the interests of justice would be promoted by compelling him to violate the seal of confession, while on the other hand benefit might often indirectly arise from his use of the knowledge he would otherwise not have obtained. It is not unusual, for instance, for stolen property to be restored in this way through the hands of the confessor; the thief of course escapes punishment, but then, if he could not rely on his secret being guarded, he would equally escape punishment, while the property would not be restored. That is at least quite a different thing from Father Ryan's claim, as Judge Boyd put it, "that clergymen of the Catholic persuasion have a right to the disposal of other people's property." Our immediate purpose however is, not to discuss the abstract rightfulness or legality of respecting the "sigillum," but to call attention to a curious incident in English history, which throws some light on both aspects of the question in its practical application.

It is reported in last Monday's *Times* that the new batch of 261 English martyrs, whose beatification the Sacred Congregation of Rites have decided at once to proceed with, includes *inter alia* the name of the Jesuit Father Garnet. There must be some inaccuracy in the report, for another Jesuit, "Edward Campion," is also said to be included, but the name of Edmund Campion, "the protomartyr" of the Elizabethan band, was comprised, as our readers are aware, in the first batch of 54 *Beati* who were enrolled three months ago. However Father Garnet's name is not likely to have been inserted by mistake, and it derives special significance from his notorious connexion with the Gunpowder Plot. The exact nature and extent of his complicity with it has been much disputed, both at the time and since, and the dispute turns mainly on whether his knowledge of the hideous conspiracy was derived exclusively from the confessional. Hume, as might be expected, makes very short work of the question; but then Hume is too obviously anxious to point the moral of the tale after his own peculiar fashion to be accepted as an altogether impartial witness. To him the special interest of the Gunpowder Plot lies in its conspicuous illustration of the famous Lucretian aphorism,

Tantum religio potest suadere malorum.

He introduces it to his readers as one of the most memorable events of history "containing at once a singular proof both of the strength and weakness of the human mind; its evident departure from morals and most steady attachment to religious prejudices." He proceeds to record—what is unfortunately true—that the conspirators sealed their oath of guilty secrecy by receiving the Communion, and adds that the only scruple entertained by "these pious devotees" as to the cruel massacre they projected arose from the reflection that many Catholics—attendants on the King or members of the House of Lords—must necessarily be involved in it; "but," he goes on to state, "Tesmond a Jesuit, and Garnet, superior of that Order in England, removed their scruples, and showed them how the interests of religion required that *here* the innocent should be sacrificed with the guilty." It will be observed that Garnet is in these words credited with direct complicity and is indeed charged with instigating the crime. And accordingly after mentioning his execution, Hume adds that, "*notwithstanding this horrid crime*, the bigoted Catholics were so devoted to Garnet that they fancied miracles to be wrought by his blood; and in Spain he was regarded as a martyr." He is now, it seems, to be set forth as a martyr for the reverence of the Roman Catholic world in general, a step to say the least of very questionable wisdom and propriety. We have already had occasion to show that all or nearly all the Elizabethan "martyrs," however cruel and unjust their treatment, suffered not for anything which, on the strictest Roman Catholic principles, can be considered matter of faith, but for points, like the deposing power, which it suited the immediate interest of the Court of Rome to enforce. This was notably the case with Campion, the first and one of the best and most single-minded of the whole company; some of them indeed were reasonably suspected of complicity with plots against the Government or the life of the Queen, the more so as the Jesuits had developed into a system and widely disseminated their doctrine of tyrannicide, in connexion with the deposing power of

the Pope. The oath of allegiance expressly disclaiming those doctrines introduced by James I. after the Gunpowder Plot was intended to secure toleration for his Roman Catholic subjects, but Paul V.—acting according to Lingard at the instigation of the English Jesuits—forbade them to take it, as being heretical, on pain of damnation, and the Jesuit Cardinal Bellarmine wrote a treatise to prove its unlawfulness. Yet no authoritative explanation of the alleged heresy contained in the oath was vouchsafed by the Court of Rome, though many had to suffer death for refusing it. And when Father Leander was sent to England by Urban VIII. in Charles I.'s reign, he reported that the refusal to allow this oath was universally interpreted here as giving papal sanction to the principles on which the authors of the Gunpowder Plot had excused their hideous crime.

As regards Garnet however personally the case is not so clear as Hume somewhat arbitrarily assumes. That he knew of the Plot in confession is not disputed, but he declared himself that he had used all his influence to prevent it, and for a time thought he had succeeded. Hallam indeed speaks of "the damning circumstance against him, that he was taken at Hendlip in concealment along with the other conspirators"; but this has been shown to be a mistake. The two other Jesuits denounced in the Proclamation, Gerard and Greenway, had escaped to the Continent, and Garnet's only compulsion in his hiding-place at Hendlip was Oldcorne, Mr. Abington's chaplain, who was also a Jesuit, but was not implicated in the conspiracy. His private conversations with Oldcorne in prison—which were overheard by Lockerson, Cecil's private secretary, and a magistrate in the Tower, who were secreted there for the purpose, though failing "to bring home the knowledge of the conspiracy to Garnet," according to Lingard's not unfriendly testimony, contained "much calculated to provoke suspicion, and to show that there was some important secret which had hitherto escaped the research of the Commissioners." And this must of course have been a secret known apart from confession. The suspicion was afterwards increased by his stoutly denying that he had held any conversation with Oldcorne till the fact was clearly proved against him. On his trial he denied all knowledge of the Plot except in confession, which he was bound to hold inviolate, and said he abhorred the design and had done his best to prevent it. He was found guilty, but his execution was deferred for more than two months, and during the interval frequent examinations were held, in which he was convicted of constant falsehood and equivocation, but this he maintained to be under the circumstances allowable. To his avowal of this principle Lingard—who appears to think him really innocent of all participation in the Plot—attributes his execution, considering that the technical misprision of treason implied in his knowledge obtained from confession would otherwise have been condoned. It is anyhow clear that he was not executed on that ground exclusively, if at all, and cannot therefore be regarded, like the fabulous St. John Nepomuk—whom the Jesuits both created and canonized—as martyred for the seal of confession. Coke, the Attorney-General, had set out with undertaking to convict Garnet of being the chief author and adviser of the Plot, and in this he entirely failed. It appears on the whole to be most probable that he had no detailed information of the design except under the seal of confession, and that he did not approve or encourage it. But the frequent plots during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the systematic teaching of the Jesuits on the temporal pretensions of the Papacy, tyrannicide, and the principle of equivocation and reserve—on which Coke insisted at great length in opening the case against him—told heavily with the jury and in public estimation. The question of "privileged communications" in confession does not appear to have been directly raised in the trial; it was certainly not decided either way. Garnet, however, admitted himself, in the letter he addressed to the King after the trial, that he had been guilty of misprision of treason, quite apart from his special knowledge acquired in confession, inasmuch as "partly through reluctance to betray his friend, partly with the hope of being able to reclaim him, he did not reveal the general knowledge he had from Catesby of his intention." That was in itself an adequate legal ground for his capital sentence, and might surely have been supposed—all other considerations apart—to be an adequate objection to canonizing him as a martyr. His condemnation may have been unjust, as the condemnation of Titus Oates's victims nearly a century later was unquestionably unjust; it is difficult to pronounce on that point now. But, justly or unjustly, he was not, any more they were, martyred for his faith.

THE MORMON.

The Mormon, by Mr. W. D. Calhorne, lately produced at the Comedy Theatre, is founded upon M. Maurice Ordonneau's *Prête-moi ta femme*, and consists of a series of incredible complications resulting out of the by no means probable incident of a man passing off the wife of a friend as his own, which has been lately pretty nearly worn threadbare in a variety of similar productions. There is really little or no plot discoverable in this piece, in which one half of the characters meander in and out apparently for the purpose of speaking "asides" out loud, which are of course immediately overheard and commented upon by certain of their companions, who always appear and listen exactly at the right time to say something ridiculous or pseudo-clever. If the construction and plot of the comedy are preposterous, the cha-

racterization is even worse. The acting, however, was throughout brisk and entertaining, although it was evident on Monday evening that several of the company did not quite know their lines, and that those who did were labouring against great odds to pull through with credit to themselves. The Scotchman, McAlister, is one of those impossible kilt-wearing Highlanders who have flourished in pieces of this sort for ages past, although it is not in the memory of man to remember such a person, attired in the national costume of the Highlands, staying habitually as an ordinary boarder in a fashionable seaside private hotel, especially at Ramsgate, where such a personage would usually be considered, however exalted his pretensions to rank and fashion, as one earning an honest but humble income by dancing Scotch reels on the sands or in the public thoroughfares. It required all the lively acting of Mr. Harry Paulton to make this part endurable; but, thanks to him, some fun was got out of his bare knees and rather inartistically exaggerated make-up. Mr. Charles Glenney, who is an agreeable actor, also did his best with the ridiculous part of the impecunious "Honourable" Nugent. The lady who enacted the widow who drops her A's and speaks impossible French over-emphasized to such an extent as to destroy all possibility of illusion. Miss Lilian Gilmore acted gracefully the small part entrusted to her; but perhaps the cleverest impersonation of any was that of Mr. E. M. Robson as "Ikey Moses," a vulgar Jewish pawnbroker. This character was throughout sustained with genuine ability and freedom from exaggeration. *The Mormon* was received with some applause for the actors, but very little for the piece.

This over-prolonged farce was preceded by a dull "new and original domestic drama" called *The Open Gate*, by Mr. C. Haddon Chambers.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE lesson taught by the race of 1883, and to some extent by the magnificent contest of last year, has not been thrown away on the soothsayers, who have apparently been impressed by the inconsiderate manner in which two strokes set prophecy and precedent at defiance, and feeling perhaps distrustful as to the potentiality for mischief there might be in Mr. Titherington or Mr. Bristowe, kept their inspired ideas to themselves; while, in like manner, the bookmakers, if, as is very possible, they flocked over from inhospitable France to the gloomy banks of the Thames, were wisely silent as to their views and operations.

Perhaps some regret may now be felt that there was not more boldness; for judging from the performances of the crews on Saturday, it ought not to have been difficult to real experts to predict the result of the race. According to common report—so far as there could be said to be any common report respecting the matter—Oxford was likely to win if there was wind and rough water, Cambridge if it was smooth; but it now seems difficult to believe that, in any circumstances, the Dark Blues could have been victors in Saturday's race. The real sufferers by the breaking of Mr. M'Lean's oar were not the Oxford crew but the Cambridge eight, who would, we believe, have vanquished the Oxford crew with comparative ease in any case, but who are now deprived of part of the honour of their victory, as there seems to be an impression that had there been no mishap they might not have gained the day, or might have had great trouble to win. The extraordinary achievement of last year is remembered, and it is thought that what Cambridge did then Oxford might have done now, one swallow as usual making the summer. Once, in the whole history of University racing, a rush above Barnes Bridge secured victory, and it was therefore thought that, because the Oxford crew spurted at the bridge, they might have been the winners. We believe that they had little more chance of winning than an untrained crew would have against a trained one over the Putney to Mortlake course, as the condition of their adversaries when they passed under the railway bridge was better than theirs, and in no way resembled that of the Oxford crew last year.

To describe the University Boat Race a week after it has been rowed is like writing about some long past event, but, nevertheless, a brief account of the match is necessary, to show how different it was from the contest of 1886. After a very level start, in which a pistol figured for the first time, the Cambridge men, rowing both better and more quickly than their antagonists, soon drew away from them, and established a distinct lead. The Oxford crew, rowing very raggedly, especially on bow side, laboured after them, making from time to time gallant, if not very pretty, spurts, to which their antagonists responded as they thought fit. At Hammersmith the Light Blues were a good length and a half ahead; and, with the others following in but poor form, the passage under the bridge was as different as anything could be from the magnificent shoot of last year, when the two boats, admirably steered, passed it with their bows all but level. In the bight, and higher up, the Oxford eight, who, deficient in form, certainly showed no want of pluck, made several valiant efforts to come up to the enemy's craft. To these the Cambridge crew, rowing, on the whole, very well, responded so far as was necessary, and no further, and it seemed tolerably clear that the struggles of their antagonists gave them but little trouble. In roughish water here and further on they rolled a little, and this seems, as usual, to have surprised and pained the critics. Surprise and pain will, it is to be feared, be lasting. That a very light, shallow, and

narrow boat, with eight heavy oarsmen and a coxswain, should roll in rough water is in accordance with the laws of nature, which are not suspended even on the boat-race day.

At Barnes Bridge the Oxford crew made one more determined effort to retrieve the day, and, with the advantage of the inner line, undoubtedly drew up to the Light Blues, who had passed the bridge about a length and a half ahead. Now this somewhat resembled what Mr. Pitman and his men did last year, and hence apparently there has been an impression that Mr. Titherington's crew might perhaps have won after all. As a matter of fact, the cases were entirely different, and it is not too much to say that, unless things had been reversed and an accident had happened to the Cambridge boat, the other could not have won or given serious trouble. On Saturday last the race was lost before the bridge was reached. When the Oxonians passed it last year they were undoubtedly not a little exhausted. Mr. Pitman had held them for long, and had given them no peace after they headed his boat. Some little way above it he put on that spurt which will always be famous in the annals of boating, and the coxswain of the Oxford boat, who had taken his antagonists' water, not unnaturally got flurried at seeing them come up to him, and pulled the left string, or, as a sailor would say, put the helm hard a starboard, thereby giving the boat a sheer, stopping her way, and going over more ground than was necessary; while the crew, worn out by their tremendous work, seemed dazed and daunted by the rush of the Light Blues, and could make but a feeble effort to save the race. In this year's contest no such *coup-de-main* was possible. The Cambridge men, having cut down their opponents at the start, had been going well within themselves throughout, and were perfectly fresh when they passed the bridge, as was proved *a fortiori* by their condition at the end of the race, when they seemed fit to row another back to Putney. When the others were coming up to them there was neither bustle nor flurry in their boat; and while the Oxford oars were pulling very fast, but in rough style, the Cambridge, although quickening, kept their form well, and were apparently in no way frightened by seeing the other boat draw up to them.

Their efforts and those of their rivals were lustily cheered by one of the largest crowds that ever assembled on the banks of the Thames, even for the University contest. There is something really touching in the fidelity with which the populace cling to the boat-race, of which they seem, if possible, fonder than ever. Formerly, of course, it was decidedly the fashion to go to it; but fashion changed abruptly when the race was rowed at so early an hour in the morning as to make it impossible to find a decent excuse for drinking champagne, and the race was henceforth deserted by those who used to go there in carriages and drags. Poor people, however, who have no chance of champagne and who nowadays can afford but very little beer, came trudging in vast throngs from the East End to the towing-path from which they hope to get a glimpse of one little bit of the race. It is, no doubt, a rough, coarse mob that assembles; but, still, the constancy shown by the populace is really touching, and surely deserves some better recognition than that of the leading Radical journal which, commenting on the race, graciously observed that the hilarity of the people is in some respects more appalling than their wrath; that they are bad to look at and worse to hear, and that "no other city in civilization has quite such degraded types" as London. Considering that an English crowd is, generally speaking, better behaved and far less dangerous than a Continental one, these amiable statements seem, to say the least, unsailed for, and they are certainly out of place in the columns of a great democratic organ.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE programme last Saturday gave people a most welcome opportunity of listening to two works much spoken of but seldom heard in their entirety. Beethoven's incidental music to Goethe's *Egmont* has not often been given as a whole in England, although extracts, such as the Overture, are frequently seen on concert programmes. The production of Félicien David's Symphonic Ode, *The Desert*, in 1844, deserves to be counted an event of some moment in the history of the Romantic movement. He endeavoured, after the manner of Berlioz and others of his day, to make music depict the scenes of a set programme. He was careful, moreover, and with as much success as any of them, to seek in the cut of his rhythms and in the character of his orchestration those suggestions of time, place, and nationality which have been called metaphorically "local colouring."

Beethoven's *Egmont*, though loftier and more genuinely artistic in aim than any programme music, is less mysterious and universal in sentiment than many of his great works. It has a clearly defined, military, and romantic character which is scarcely ever lost sight of. The Overture contains all the grandest and most broadly symphonic portions of the work. Four entr'actes, Clara's two songs in the first and third acts, and some symphonic pieces follow, making in all ten musical numbers. The Overture was rendered with great pomp and a fine sonorous orchestral tone. The monumental opening, "Sostenuto," the "Allegro," with its alternations of thunder and exquisite sweetness, and the magnificent and unequalled burst of triumph of the "Allegro con Brio," a peroration most wonderfully led up to, were all treated with a breadth and massiveness unsurpassed even in Paris, where the

Egmont music has been more frequently performed than in this country. Indeed, the difference between the rendering at the *Concerts Populaires*, for instance, and that of Saturday was throughout sufficiently marked. A larger majesty, and a more thorough subordination of lesser beauties to the interest of the whole, characterized Mr. Manns's treatment of the grander passages. More animation, piquancy, and delicacy appeared in Mr. Padeloup's version, qualities which stood him in good stead in the lighter and more brilliant parts of the work. We have not heard the Overture more sublimely interpreted than it was on Saturday; but, on the other hand, Clara's first air, "Die Trommel gerühret," received a somewhat heavier and tamer rendering than that to which we have been accustomed. The lady to whom it was entrusted, Miss Hilda Coward, entirely missed the spirit of the song, which is lively and martial, and by no means gloomy and sombre. The instrumentation, too, was wanting in finesse as an accompaniment, in vivacity and sparkle, and in a proper distinction between the effects of different sorts of instruments. Beethoven is not always savage, mysterious, or profound, as in the Fifth Symphony. Here he means to be simple and brilliant, and to express the nervous effusiveness of a woman's warlike excitement. Miss Coward fell more readily into sympathy with the sentiment of the second song, "Freudvoll und leidvoll." The symphonic music of the entr'actes, &c., received a most delicate and conscientious treatment at the hands of all the artists employed. As a most important portion of the work fell to their share, we must mention in particular the players in the wood-wind division, and more especially the first oboe, who executed with excellent feeling and superb tone several long passages which occurred in his part. Miss Alma Murray recited the explanatory text and extracts from Mr. Arthur Coleridge's translation of the drama. Her voice was always agreeable and sympathetic, and in some places, as in *Egmont*'s final speech, she reached a considerable depth of dramatic intensity.

Félicien David's *Desert* comprises symphonic writing, together with songs for a tenor and a solo, quartet, and chorus of male voices. Descriptive spoken verses which occur here and there fell into the hands of Miss Alma Murray; Mr. Edward Lloyd undertook the tenor part; and the quartet consisted of Messrs. L. Kilby, Houghton, D. Price, and Ridding, from the Royal College of Music. The introduction opens with low, long-held murmurs in the strings, suggestive of the vast expanse of the desert; while a motive, afterwards used, is heard gloomily on the horn. In the chorus which follows, "Allah! Allah!" as in the rest of the work, we cannot avoid admiring a straightforward simplicity of sentiment in the themes, and a commendable clarity in the picturesque orchestral colour, although it is true that in places these qualities almost descend to coarseness and commonness of expression. The "March of the Caravan" is one of the most effective numbers for the orchestra. Its themes, however, when transferred to the chorus, fall not only in suitability to the voice, but in dignity and largeness. In the midst of the wild crashes and scales usual in such movements as "The Storm in the Desert," David was not tempted into heightening the tumult by banging on cymbals and the big drum—a reticence most unexpected at such a moment on the part of a Frenchman and a Romanticist. The "Return of Calm" is common in rhythm, and one fancies the caravan setting out on its journey with the gait of a troop of marionettes; nor does the "Arab Fantasia" by any means suggest really free and brusque movement. "La Dance des Almées," with its quaint characteristic setting, makes up, however, for all deficiencies. The "Chant of the Muezzin" smacks, perhaps, the most palpably of an Oriental flavour in the structure of the melody as well as of the accompaniment. Mr. Lloyd rendered it magnificently, taking its impossibly high setting a tone lower, which enabled him to give the top notes with effective ease and fullness.

THE SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS.

HERE and there at this exhibition a good picture may be seen, but no tendency to form a school, to display any novelty of process, or to cultivate special qualities of nature is to be noticed. Landscape predominates, water-colours abound, and oil-pictures of any size or force, whether or not dealing with the figure, may almost be counted on the fingers. The following are among the best of the figure-work. Miss Henriette Corkran's "First Frost" (289) shows instinct and a true painter's feeling for colour in its mellow key of brown. Miss Corkran, however, has been impatient and easily satisfied with sloppy handling and shapeless construction. Miss Blanche Jenkins, on the other hand, in her "Portrait of a Lady" (355), has associated good expressive drawing, a sincere observation of character, and an effective yet sober ensemble with a coarse and reckless impasto very hostile to the sentiment of her picture and the beauty of her canvas. "Something Interesting" (221), by Miss Dereng Curtiois, shows us a girl reading in a light grey-toned interior. The idea of the picture, its scale of colour, and its view of realism, resemble, in a way, the works of many Frenchmen; but, though the scheme has been well comprehended, it has been carried out without the finesse and subtlety of tone which give charm to studies of a fresh atmospheric grey kind. Mrs. Perugini's "Peggy" (236) is well drawn and delicately worked, and perhaps may be

called the most complete of the figure pictures. "Danae" (336), by Miss A. L. Robinson, is unquestionably the strongest realization of an effect of light on the figure, but the colour in many places is somewhat dirty and heavy. We cannot leave the figure subjects without alluding to Miss Marianne Stokes's powerful pastels, "He and She" (47) and "Rising Tears" (441). They are treated broadly, and in conception, at least, recall some of Mr. Clausen's vigorous heads relieved against green backgrounds. Amongst the landscapes in oil we have to mention one or two works of considerable merit. Miss Bertha Newcombe's "Late Spring" (340) gives evidence of careful study of atmosphere and sound methods of painting. Miss Minna Tayler's "Grey Day—Surrey" (323), though less workmanlike in handling, by no means yields to the first in sincerity and faithfulness. Careful and studied as it is in form, the local colour in it is soberly and aerially treated and the detail viewed largely and constructively. Miss Hilda Montalba's Venetian scenes are well known. We can only say that "The Armenian Convent" (241) by no means derogates from her high standard of workmanship; it is the richest in decorative quality of any landscape in the room. These three pictures are the largest and most important of their class, and do great credit to the show. Mrs. Praed, in "Dettisham Ferry" (228), plays with a pleasant convention of warm colouring not utterly dissimilar to Mr. John Reid's later schemes, and it is a pity that her knowledge is not quite up to her feeling. "Eel-Pie Island" (234), a charming grey sketch by Miss Nora Locking; "'The George Inn,' Charmouth" (218), by Miss Florence White, a piece of admirable realism, the result of sincere personal vision; and Miss Edith Gibson's "In the Month of May" (210), with its lively fresh sunshine, are some among a few pictures that will repay notice. Miss Fanny Purvis's decorative panel of still life, "Chrysanthemums" (240), appears one of the most workmanlike of all the exhibits in its excellent sureness of touch, its firm drawing, and thorough mastery of the material. Another still life, "Apples and Basket" (268), by Miss Eleanor Brace, deserves mention for the simplicity and breadth of its aspect. Many of the water-colours are charming, though a great many even of the best are hardly original. Mrs. Paul Nafel and Miss Maud Nafel send pretty subjects, elegantly treated, such as 14, 425, 66, 407, 509, but they betray a common origin of inspiration. Miss Helen O'Hara treats a similar subject gracefully, more powerfully and more originally, in "In the Woods at Bettws" (65). Miss Kate Macaulay's work is very noticeable from the strength of her deliberate and fully-matured conventionality of style. She seems to us at her best in her scenes on the Thames (27 and 175). Miss Clara Montalba's "Old Dredger" (417), Miss Margaret Rayner's fine scenic arrangement of "Windsor Castle" (3) in body colour, Miss Rose Barton's clever "Corner by the Sea" (139), Miss E. S. Wood's "Sur Somme" (489), Miss M. A. Butler's "Pembroke Street, Dublin" (523), are some among many good things which we have not space to describe.

MR. THACKERAY'S LETTERS.

SELDOM has a more pleasing collection from the private letters of a distinguished man been given to the public than the letters of Mr. Thackeray which Mrs. Brookfield publishes in the current number of the resuscitated *Scribner's Magazine*. Thackeray, with a reticence all the more commendable at the present day by reason of its declining frequency, desired his relations not to publish any memoir of him, and Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has construed this prohibition as extending to the publication of his letters to members of his own family. Of course it does not extend to others of his friends, and Mrs. Brookfield, after the lapse of so many years, is fully justified in printing some of his letters to her and to her husband, on account both of their intrinsic interest and of the fact that unfriendly persons have sought to take advantage of the expiring copyright in Thackeray's works to make a profit out of letters some of which are genuine, some doubtful, and some unquestionably forgeries. The present collection is published with the sanction and approval of Mrs. Ritchie, and as the letters are all addressed to one or both of the Brookfields, who were his familiar friends, there is no question about their genuineness.

There are some twenty or thirty of them in all, and they vary from brief—but humorous—notes of invitation, and the like, to long gossiping letters from abroad. In two or three instances fragments are given in facsimile, mostly in order to reproduce the pen-and-ink sketches with which Thackeray, like many other people with the gift of caricature, was wont to embellish his pages as he went along. Some of these are excessively humorous. There is one, in about three strokes of the pen, which depicts, with surprising vivacity and naturalness, a party driving "in an Oxford cart to Blenheim." In the same letter he says "that was what I was thinking of as I was lying in the Oxford man's bed awake." Between the words "bed" and "awake" comes a picture, occupying about half the space that a postage stamp would cover, and indicating most forcibly the discomforts that a man of six feet four may have to endure when he sleeps in the rooms of a casual undergraduate. Thackeray appears to have been a master of the graceful art of saying a trivial thing, such as "Will you come to dinner to-morrow?" in such a way as to make the small piece of business amusing. His signature on these occasions might be "Jos. Osborn" or "Chevalier de Titmarsh." In one instance, where the note (a "reminder" of a

dinner) is reproduced in the microscopic but perfectly clear writing of the original, he signs "W. M. Thackeray, Author of 'The Death Shriek,' 'Passion Flowers,' and other poems."

Without exception the letters are just such as a man might wish to be able to scribble to his intimate friends, as these were obviously scribbled, without any particular pains, or any wish except to give momentary pleasure to his correspondents. They come as near to the easy talk of a clever and humorous man as any letters can come. Only in one case does a letter contain a passage of any length dealing with serious topics, and in that instance the reflections may have been suggested by the recent death of Charles Buller, which is announced in the letter printed, and apparently written, just before. There is, however, an incidental reference to Dickens, made in 1847, which derives a peculiar interest from the fact that somebody has recently suggested that Thackeray was unworthily jealous of his great contemporary. Hayward had written to Thackeray, and had said, among other things, with the enthusiastic partiality which is so amiable in a friend, "You have completely beaten Dickens out of the inner circle already" (by the publication, apparently, of the first parts of *Vanity Fair*). Thackeray sent the note on to Mrs. Brookfield, beginning his own, which accompanied it, as follows:—"Madam,—Although I am certainly committing a breach of confidence, I venture to offer my friend up to you, because you have considerable humour, and I think will possibly laugh at him. You know you yourself often hand over some folks to some other folks, and deserve to be treated as you treat others." He then explains how the note came to be written, and goes on, "Ah! Madame, how much richer truth is than fiction, and how great that phrase about the 'inner circle' is." The complete ease and privacy of all the letters give them a great charm. It is most obvious that they were written without the least thought of publication—save in one instance, where the writer characteristically observes, "This is getting to be so very like print that I shall copy it very likely, all but the inspector part, for a periodical with which I am connected," which idea Mrs. Brookfield tells us that he carried out, to the advantage of the readers of *Punch*—and a sufficiently long time has now elapsed to make that no reason why they should not be published. One thing about them it is impossible not to regret, and that is that the corresponding letters from Brookfield to Thackeray are not published at the same time. There is no doubt that they would be at least as good reading. Nevertheless, Mrs. Brookfield is entitled to gratitude on two grounds. She has given to the world the contents of letters which all admirers of Thackeray's genius will read with pleasure, and she has performed the pious duty of honouring her friend's memory by throwing additional light on what has hitherto been known of his character in private.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE summary of the Indian Budget, telegraphed from Calcutta a week ago, is unusually meagre and disappointing. British investments in India are enormous in amount. The greater part of the Indian Debt has been raised in this country; the capital for constructing Indian railways and Indian gas and harbour works, and, in fact, most other public works, has to a large extent likewise been raised here; and so has the capital for tea, cotton, indigo, and other plantations, as well as for cotton and jute manufactures. Furthermore, barely two years ago we were on the very brink of war with Russia on account of India, and even now the position of Russia in Central Asia may involve us in hostilities at any moment. Indeed, the whole foreign policy of this country has for some generations past been shaped by the necessity for taking measures to secure the safety of India. And yet the conductors of our daily contemporaries assume that so little interest is felt in the Indian Budget that they do not think it worth while to obtain an intelligent and intelligible report of Sir Auckland Colvin's statement. As far, however, as the meagre summary enables us to form a judgment the Budget appears to be fairly satisfactory. For the year 1884-85—the year ended, that is, with March of last year—the revenue amounted to 74,464,197*l.*, and the expenditure to 77,265,923*l.*, leaving a deficit of 2,801,726*l.* It was in the year with which we are now dealing that the dispute with Russia respecting the Afghan boundary broke out. The Indian Government was compelled to very largely increase its expenditure, both directly upon the army and indirectly upon strategic railways. It is, therefore, satisfactory that the deficit is no larger than we find it here stated, especially when we call to mind how enormous our own Vote of Credit in the same year had to be. And the statement is satisfactory from another point of view. Some of our readers will probably recollect that for the past two years we have had to comment rather severely upon the laxness of the supervision exercised by the Indian Treasury over finance generally. The Revised Estimates—that is, the estimates submitted in the middle or the latter part of March for the year then drawing to a close—we found twelve months later to have varied very widely from the actual results. As the Revised Estimates were published when the results for eleven months ought to have been known, and when the rate of collection as well as the rate of expenditure for the last month ought likewise to have been known, there seemed no excuse for this divergence. This year, however, we find that the difference between the actual results for 1884-85, and the Revised Estimates as they were stated twelve months ago is so

slight as not to be worth taking notice of. Apparently, therefore, there has been improvement in the Treasury supervision.

The Revised Estimates for the year ended on Thursday night are also fairly satisfactory. They place the revenue at 76,071,700*l.*, and the expenditure at 76,071,200*l.*, showing an estimated surplus of 500*l.* If, that is, the Revised Estimates are as nearly correct as last year's we may say practically that revenue and expenditure for the year just ended about balance one another. There may be a slight surplus or a slight deficit, but either will be inconsiderable. Compared with the Budget Estimate published twelve months ago, the partly actual and partly estimated receipts for the year just ended show an improvement of 273,000*l.*; compared with the actual receipts for the year 1884-85, they show an increase of 1,607,000*l.* There is thus a marked improvement, whether we look at the receipts of the year before, or the estimates of twelve months ago. It is to be borne in mind, however, that an addition to the taxation in the shape of Income-tax was made twelve months ago, which was estimated to yield about 800,000*l.* Further, the opium to be sold in the year just ended was very large. The crop of the year before was an exceedingly abundant one, and it seems to have turned out very favourably; while there would also appear to have been a growth in the yield of other taxes. Altogether, therefore, the result of the year is fairly satisfactory. It is especially so when we bear in mind that the approach of Russia towards the Indian frontier not only necessitated a very large immediate expenditure in the early part of 1885, but compelled the Indian Government to permanently increase its expenditure upon the army, upon fortifications, and upon strategic railways to the amount of about two millions sterling a year. In addition, the disturbances in Burmah, which were unforeseen twelve months ago, increased the military expenditure by about 860,000*l.*, and added about 280,000*l.* to the civil expenditure, mainly for police. Our Burmese difficulty in the year just ended, therefore, increased the expenditure about 1,140,000*l.*; while the fall in exchange which was so marked in the summer of last year increased the loss by exchange by 474,000*l.* Adding together, then, the increased permanent military expenditure, the increased expenditure in Burmah, and the loss by exchange, we get an addition last year to the expenditure of, in round figures, very nearly 4½ millions sterling. Against this, as already stated, there is to be set off an increased taxation of about 800,000*l.*, a largely increased sale of opium, and the natural growth of revenue from the growth of wealth and population. But there was still a considerable deficit to be covered. According to the telegraphic summary, it amounted in the year just ended to somewhat over a million sterling. The money has been provided by suspending the Famine Insurance Fund. About ten years ago surplus revenue was set aside as an insurance fund against famine, and a considerable portion of it has been regularly expended upon railways, which, it was calculated, would help to prevent famine, both by opening-up districts and bringing them within the reach of profitable markets and also by enabling food to be carried into those districts should the harvest at home fail. During the ten years the fund has existed about 5,554 miles of railway have been completed or put into active construction, and over six millions sterling have been contributed towards the prosecution of those railways from the Famine Insurance Fund. It is now considered by the Indian Government that the Fund has so far done its work that it may be suspended for the present—that is to say, in plain language, instead of providing out of current revenue for the construction of public works for the purpose of preventing famine, those public works will, for the present at least, be constructed by means of loans. The decision appears to us, on the whole, wise. It would, of course, have been much better if the Famine Fund could have been kept up, but the approach of the Russians to India makes it imperative to put the Empire in a state of defence, and, this being so, it would be folly so to increase taxation as to press unduly upon the springs of industry for the pedantic purpose of keeping up a surplus revenue. It is better, from every point of view, to acknowledge frankly that for the present a surplus revenue cannot be provided without unduly pressing upon the taxpayers, and that necessary public works will be built by means of loans.

For the new year upon which we have just entered the revenue is estimated at 77,460,200*l.*, and the expenditure at 77,443,500*l.*, showing an estimated surplus of 16,700*l.* The revenue, it will be seen, is estimated to yield 1,388,000*l.* more than the revenue for the year just ended, and the expenditure has increased practically in the same proportion as the revenue. Of the increase of revenue of nearly 1,390,000*l.* we are told that 490,000*l.* is to come from a re-arrangement of the allowances made by the Supreme Government to the Provincial Governments. It would seem from the summary that Sir Auckland Colvin enters at great length into a discussion of the financial relations between the Supreme and the Local Governments; that he argues that the reduction in the allowances now effected is in conformity with former precedents, and that it will not in any wise affect the efficiency of the Provincial Governments. On these points we have not the means of forming a judgment. All that appears clear is that the rapid growth in expenditure necessitates in the first place the suspension of the Famine Insurance Fund, and in the second place a considerable cutting down of the grants made to the Provincial Governments to defray their expenditure. The charge imposed upon India by the near approach of Russia, in other words, as well as the continued disturbances in Burmah, have so added

to our expenditure that the Government for the moment feels itself compelled to relax its efforts for developing the resources of the country and improving the condition of the people. To secure the safety of the State is the first imperative consideration, and, while this is being effected, other matters have to be more or less neglected. When this 490,000*l.* is taken into account, it will be seen that there is still an estimated increase of about 900,000*l.* in the revenue for the new year over that of the year just ended. Whence this sum is to come does not appear from the meagre summary before us. It is, no doubt, expected that the reduction in the provincial expenditure will be larger than is estimated for, and it is hoped that the growth of wealth and population will result also in a larger yield of taxes. Still, a growth of 900,000*l.* in a single year is very large. This year, again, there is to be an addition to the army; while the opium revenue is not expected to be quite so good as that derived last year, because, although the crop was a fair one, it was still not as large as the preceding crop; and there will likewise be a considerable deficit in the State railways, mainly due to heavy renewals required on the former Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway, and to the interest due on the large amount of capital representing unopened lines. On the other side, there is still a large expenditure in Burmah, while it is to be feared that the loss by exchange will be large again this year. As the Government decides not to borrow in England it will have to draw for the full amount of the home charges, about 16½ millions sterling, and as this exceeds by about 5 millions sterling the average drawings of the past two years, the probability appears to be that the Indian exchange will decline considerably, and consequently that the loss to the Government will be larger. It seems, therefore, rather a sanguine estimate of Sir A. Colvin that the growth of revenue during the new year will be sufficient to cover the 900,000*l.* which appears to be uncovered, and also such unforeseen losses as may occur; as, for example, that caused by the further decline in the exchange. It may be, however, that when the full text of the Budget reaches us we shall find that provision has been made on these points.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ON Wednesday afternoon last Miss Grace Hawthorne once again challenged comparison with the two greatest French actresses of the day—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Jane Hading—by undertaking the arduous rôle of Gilberte in Mr. Augustin Daly's thoroughly American version of that morbid drama *Frou Frou*. Miss Hawthorne cannot this time be as cordially congratulated as she was recently for her assumption of Marguerite Gunthier. She does not seem to have grasped the exact significance of a character so peculiarly Parisian as Gilberte, and has evidently mistaken throughout childishness for frivolity. As an instance in point, we will simply recall that Miss Hawthorne frequently indulged in a variety of tricks more worthy of a child of ten than of a married woman; such as the cutting out of paper dolls, and jumping about on chairs and tables. These are antics which no Parisian *délicate*, however foolish and frivolous, would ever perform, especially after four years of married life, and consequent experience in the great world of the French capital, as a superlatively fashionable personage. On the other hand, Miss Hawthorne displayed a marked improvement in the management of her voice, and never once allowed it to fall suddenly into the deep contralto tones which most of her countrywomen seem to deem necessary for the expression of intense emotion. She was also always refined, winning, and graceful, and in the great scene of the fourth act displayed considerable power and pathos, and the celebrated scene with her sister Louise in the third act would have been excellent had the speeches been uttered with greater distinctness, accompanied by less incessant movement. It is evidently not in pieces of this character that Miss Hawthorne will be seen to greatest advantage, and it is to be hoped that, for her own sake, she will soon appear in some part in which she will be able to show with better effect her unquestionable ability and talent. The part of Louise was enacted by Miss Houliston in a manner which quite surprised the audience. Throughout she manifested possession of admirable training and method, and played a disagreeable part with much quiet dignity and refinement. Mr. Leonard Outram as Henri de Sartorys, and Mr. Laurence Cautley as De Valréas, added to the value of the performance by satisfactory interpretations of two parts very difficult for Englishmen to play. A word of praise is due to a *débutant*, Mr. Hubert Byron, who made a capital character sketch of the fussy Pitou, prompter of the Palais Royal.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

THE Parliamentary week opened in the House of Commons with Mr. Balfour's speech on introducing the Criminal Law Amendment Bill for Ireland, or, as it is more briefly called, the Coercion Bill. We have no objection to the shorter term. All law—that is, in any proper sense law—is coercive, or used to be so before these days of permissive Bills and optional obedience. Mr. Balfour's demonstration of the necessity of the measure was complete. He was argumentatively successful. But Mr. Balfour

cannot be truthfully said to have achieved a rhetorical triumph. Speaking amidst interruptions so incessant as to provoke an appeal from the Speaker himself to the Irish members themselves to assist him in preserving order, he allowed himself to be interrupted. If the thread of his argument was not broken, it was sometimes entangled. Some of the materials which he had prepared for his use lost their place, and had to be abandoned. Sir George Trevelyan learned to speak when he was Irish Secretary. Until he had held that office, he could only deliver set orations, put down to paper or committed to memory, after Mr. John Morley's fashion. But the necessity of speaking without preparation, or with only such preparation as is possible while listening to the discussion in which the Minister is to take part, made a debater of Sir George Trevelyan. It will doubtless make a debater of Mr. Balfour. At present Mr. Balfour is a little too prone to be overcome by moods of philosophical doubt in the very act of framing his sentences, and to bethink himself of some happier mode of forming them. He occasionally recalls a sentence to recoin it on grammatical principles not altogether in harmony with those on which it was first uttered. The reporters, no doubt, like this very much, for their pencils can rest while Mr. Balfour re-issues his revised and corrected phrase. A too close attention to form is dangerous to form. The thing which seems to have most impressed Mr. Gladstone in Mr. Balfour's speech was, if we may speak in the language of Mr. Gladstone's present allies, a thing which was not in the speech at all. It was the silence amid which Mr. Balfour resumed his seat. The subject matter of the speech was not of the kind to promote rapturous cheering, and Mr. Gladstone did not volunteer a compassionating cheer. His criticism was not that of a political adversary, but of an old Parliamentary hand watching with a not unfriendly scrutiny the mistakes and lost opportunities of a comparatively new beginner. To wind up so as to ensure a cheer is one of the most elementary Parliamentary arts. It is like an actor's management of his exit. To go off without "getting a hand" or a voice indicates mismanagement. In truth, a great deal of House of Commons debating is the indirect solicitation of cheers. The elder and the younger Pitt, Peel, Mr. Gladstone himself, by pause and gesture and tone, invited the applause which they needed, or rather commanded it; for it came as if by pre-arrangement when they gave the signal for it. It rushed into the interspaces of the orator's periods. In all these arts Mr. Balfour is still somewhat of a novice. The fact that he could sit down without devising a cheer-trapping sentence to finish with struck the veteran leader with a feeling of compassion for so much Parliamentary innocence.

If cheers were lacking to Mr. Balfour's speech, interruptions were not wanting. The vocabulary of Parliamentary exclamation has of late been considerably enlarged. The Speaker has had to explain to Irish members that the cry of "Shame!" is disorderly. "Monstrous" and "Nonsense" deserve no less to be put into the expurgatorial index. Strictly speaking, we believe that the only permissible cry is a respectful "Hear, hear," deferred until the orator shall have completed the sentence which he may be engaged in enunciating, and seriously intended to ask the approving attention of the House to the laudable sentiments or the instructive reasoning which is being submitted to it. Derisive cheers such as those which Mr. Chamberlain mildly reproached Mr. John Morley with emitting during Mr. Chamberlain's speech on the urgency motion are, we believe, in strictness disorderly. But, as it is impossible for the Speaker or Chairman to distinguish between derision and approval in the mind of the cheering member in the utterance of the same syllables, this rule is incapable of enforcement. The now common cries of "No, no," "Oh, oh," "Question," and "Divide" are of doubtful legitimacy. But usage has sanctioned them. A certain amount of regulated disorder, if the phrase may be used, is necessary to Parliamentary order, as discord is an element in harmony. Interruptions, though breaches of rule, give life to debate. When a man is thoroughly master of himself, his subject, and his audience, they are aids to rhetoric. Mr. Balfour will probably learn their value if he holds the Irish office long enough to turn them to account. He has admirable models on the bench opposite to him and on the bench on which he sits. Mr. Gladstone is a master of the art of provoking and encountering interruption, and in the more difficult art of dealing with interruptions which he did not intend to provoke, and on which, therefore, he did not reckon. But in this respect he is not superior to Mr. Goschen, to whom interruptions seem to give new force, who can weave them and his reply to them into the strong texture of his reasoning, who can turn round to encounter the crowd of assailants who hang, so to speak, on the skirts of his argument, and having driven them off, can direct himself again with added force and strength to his main antagonist. On Tuesday evening that main antagonist was Mr. Gladstone, in whom the arts of sophistical rhetoric and factious tactics survive as the ruins of statesmanship and patriotism. The tyranny of the National League, in alliance with the Roman Church, has now so completely mastered Irish society, and so thoroughly paralysed the authority of the Queen and of the courts of justice, that it can to a greater extent than before dispense with subsidized outrage. It is no longer militant, it is triumphant. Therefore, says Mr. Gladstone, leave it to exercise its terrorism unchecked. These lawless and disloyal counsels, this invitation to tyranny to harry its victims further, were exposed with a keenness which Mr. Gladstone evidently felt by Mr. Goschen. Mr. Gladstone has invited all his followers to take

part in the discussion on the Crimes Bill—that is to say, he urges them to talk it out of existence. He has even attempted to intimidate the Speaker in the exercise of his discretion in regulating the debate. He said in so many words that the Speaker would undermine the authority of the Chair if he allowed any enforcement of the Closure. Sir William Harcourt, insinuating what he did not dare openly to state, contrived to renew this imputation on Thursday night, and incurred—not for the first time—the rebuke of the Speaker. Mr. Gladstone may be right or wrong in opposing the Crimes Bill. He referred, in justification of his conduct, to the precedent of 1846, when the Whigs and Protectionists combined against the Coercion Bill of Sir Robert Peel. Their combination was generally denounced at the time as factious; and Lord John Russell, having gained office by it, was obliged soon after to introduce a measure of repression similar to that which he had defeated. But the followers of Lord John Russell and Lord George Bentinck were together a majority of the House, and were able to give effect to their policy. Mr. Gladstone condescends to be the leader of an obstructing minority. Whatever judgment may be passed on the Bill of the Government, it is essential that the issue should be promptly decided, instead of being evaded by the dilatory devices which Mr. Gladstone promotes, in disregard alike of the honour of Parliament, the welfare of Ireland, and of what yet remains of his own reputation. The Speaker will endanger the authority of the Chair if he unduly delays to give effect to the convictions of the majority of the House that the measure has been sufficiently discussed. The party of Irish revolt is the party of Parliamentary disorder. In the noisy altercation which brought Thursday's sitting to a close, the masculine hysterics of Mr. John Morley and the womanish bluster of Sir William Harcourt were in singular contrast with the quiet and dignified self-control of Mr. W. H. Smith. Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the rival humourists of the Opposition above and below the gangway, earlier in the evening appeared as the clowns of the Parliamentary ring. In the tongue-in-the-cheek and thumb-at-the-nose style of eloquence they have no superior but Sir William Harcourt, and no rival on the other side of the House.

An incidental conversation raised a curious question of what theologians might call the "inner life" and politicians the economy of the House of Commons. It is not often that the "Whips" emerge into the light of Parliamentary day. They linger in the lobbies and prow about the passages of the House of Commons, to "haunt, to startle, and waylay." The name Whip in its larger and more obsolete form of "whipper-in" can be traced, we believe, as far back as the time of Burke; but, as the Constitution is said to know nothing of the Prime Minister and the Cabinet, so Parliament has declined to recognize by name these useful and essential gentlemen. It recognizes them, in fact, by assigning them, even when in opposition, offices under its own roof. The present Speaker, boldly innovating, has given the word "block" a place in the vocabulary, as the thing has long had in the practice, of the House of Commons. But he hesitates at the term "Whip," preferring to speak of the gentleman who is not Patronage Secretary as "the gentleman who acts in an official capacity for the gentlemen on the Opposition side." The Speaker himself was once such a gentleman. He knows all about Whips and pairing; he is aware of their importance; and he declined to adopt Lord Randolph Churchill's puritanical scruples as to the admission that such persons and things existed. The Whips on either side appeared before the House on Tuesday in the attitude of mutual reproach, or rather of reproach and explanation. The question in dispute was whether a pairing for the night meant a pairing for the sitting, or whether the night might be reasonably considered to have terminated at half-past nine in the morning. Certain members had understood their obligations to keep away from divisions to expire at that hour, an understanding which their pairs disputed. It is necessary that there should be a clear understanding, and further that that understanding should be one which will enable the Government of the day to collect its forces in sufficient strength to carry the Closure against persistent obstruction; and the half-past nine limit does not seem to err on the side of stringency. There should be no suspicion of sharp practice on either side; and to the security of character should be added the security of a binding understanding.

The early days of the week in the House of Lords were occupied with the partial passage of the Railway Companies Traffic Bill, in which an amendment, moved by Lord Jersey, was carried substituting for three appointed Commissioners, two Commissioners and a judge, whether a 3,000*l.* judge or a 5,000*l.* judge, to adopt Lord Salisbury's plain £ *s. d.* method of estimating judicial qualifications, it will be for the House of Commons to decide, whenever all Mr. Gladstone's hundred and ninety supporters have made their hundred and ninety speeches against the introduction or on the second reading of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill. The important measures affecting the tenure and transfer of land in Ireland and England, introduced on Thursday by Lord Cadogan and the Lord Chancellor, cannot be discussed in this article. No one can complain that either of them lacks thoroughness. Through the week, as through the Session, the House of Lords has been the House of business and of businesslike debate; the House of Commons, the House of clamour, obstruction, and faction.

MAN AND WIFE.

A DRAMA with a purpose has almost invariably a source of weakness proportionate to the extent to which the purpose is made prominent, and Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Man and Wife* is a drama with two purposes, which rather aggravate than neutralize each other, with the additional misfortune that they are both out of date. It was flogging a dead horse to show that the law relating to Scotch marriages was complicated and vague. It is perfectly well known that a bachelor might be unconsciously transformed into a married man, and a frail damsel happily converted into an honest woman without any knowledge of the process. Whether Anne Silvester is the wife of the debased athlete Geoffrey Delamayn, or of the fickle sailor Arnold Brinkworth, is only a species of legal conundrum to which no one quite knows the answer. Then, again, there are the diatribes against the glorification of muscular power, which is contemptuously classed as the chief of the virtues of the early Briton. It is an honest virtue after all, and more worthy of cultivation than the dialectical subtleties which enable an ex-Premier to argue that black is white, that to refuse to sell bread to a child who is dying for lack of nourishment necessarily proves that the refusers are downtrodden patriots, and so forth. The question of over-training has been thoroughly threshed out by more competent hands than those of Mr. Wilkie Collins, who vainly seeks to apply general rules to widely different cases. Some men are injured by training, others are benefited; some men who would be benefited by training in moderation overdo it and more or less dangerously injure themselves. All this is well known. The example of Geoffrey Delamayn had little value sixteen years ago, and has very much less now when training is a less rigorous business than it was, and the craze for muscular development has waned. Besides all this, the plot of *Man and Wife*—to quote Alice's Caterpillar—is "wrong from beginning to end." The four acts are devoted to bringing about the marriage of Anne Silvester with Geoffrey Delamayn, a man whom she dreads and despises, who, when finally the validity of the contract is admitted by his own lawyer, threatens the unhappy girl with physical violence, so that his sudden death from heart-disease is accepted as a blessed relief by her and by the audience. What dramatic point is gained by the arrival at such a consummation as this? Yet this is the goal to which we have been laboriously approaching.

There is no interest here; and, if not, where can we look for any? Not, certainly, in the fulfilment of Arnold Brinkworth's aspirations. A more paltry creature than this has rarely been seen upon the stage. Does the reader recollect the incident in which Brinkworth is most closely connected with the main issue? There are pressing reasons why Geoffrey Delamayn should marry Anne Silvester, and he consents to do so, according to the simple customs of Scotland, at an inn, near Sir Patrick Lundie's house where Delamayn is staying as a guest and Anne as friend and companion of Sir Patrick's niece; for Delamayn has been convinced that the girl will kill herself if he denies her what she claims as tardy justice. The betrayer—that the girl should have suffered herself to be betrayed by so coarse a scoundrel effectually checks the sympathy which would, under reasonable conditions, be extended to her—is summoned to what is apparently his father's death-bed, and he persuades his friend Brinkworth to keep the appointment at the inn. Brinkworth consequently arrives—the scene of the second act represents the hostelry—and he acts in a manner which mainly tends to show how soon Mr. Wilkie Collins arrives at his wits' end. Brinkworth is a man of education, of position—owner of a neighbouring estate—a sailor, moreover, and sailors usually have their senses about them. Yet, merely for the sake of beguiling the old woman who keeps the tavern, this man puts himself in a miserably false position, and, only to avoid wetting his coat in the rain, he deliberately stays at a place where it is inevitable that his presence will fatally compromise a girl whom he professes an anxiety to defend. Brinkworth's course is perfectly clear. All that Anne Silvester desires is the recognition of her marriage. Brinkworth should have called Mrs. Inchbare, the landlady, and said to her, "I am Mr. Arnold Brinkworth, of So-and-so, and have called on behalf of this lady's husband, who is an intimate friend, to explain that he is prevented from fetching his wife according to arrangement, in consequence of his father's sudden and dangerous illness. We shall be greatly obliged to you if you will do all you can to make Mrs. Delamayn comfortable until her husband arrives, or she goes to rejoin him." Having spoken to this effect, he might have inquired whether any sort of conveyance was procurable; if not, whether he could buy or borrow an umbrella or a plaid; and should have left the place, even at the risk of getting damp. It is rarely that the improbabilities of farcical comedy are as ridiculous as they are in *Man and Wife*. Mr. Wilkie Collins props up his tottering edifice—which was never worth building for the stage—with all sorts of trumpery makeshifts, among the weakest of which is the volunteered opinion of an impossible physician, who no sooner sees Delamayn than he warns him of his impending fate. Mr. Speedwell is a fit stage companion for Mr. Arnold Brinkworth.

The fringe of the dramatic profession had been stirred by the knowledge that an amateur, Mrs. James Brown-Potter, was to essay the character of Anne Silvester, and the lady unduly appeared. To learn how to act without going on the stage is as impossible as to learn how to swim without going into the water. Mrs.

Brown-Potter has most of the faults of the confident amateur. It was curious to note the contrast between Mr. Willard, who plays Delamayn, and knows a great deal about dramatic effect, and Mrs. Brown-Potter, who knows nothing. The actor held the audience when he stood still and silent; the amateur strove to fit new gestures and expressions to every line, and grew tedious. The novice is almost always stagey, while long acquaintance with the stage makes the artist natural. We really have very little to say about Mrs. Brown-Potter. It will be time to criticize her efforts when she has studied and practised the profession she has chosen. Mr. Kemble acts with much discretion as Sir Patrick Lundie; Mr. Herbert, who played Brinkworth in 1873 at the Prince of Wales's, resumes the character, but of course cannot possibly make it other than contemptible.

REVIEWS.

INTRODUCTION TO HOMER.*

THIS *Introduction to Homer* is almost an immaculate book in its way. It is a masterpiece of scholarship, of compression, and of the rarest quality in Homeric criticism—of common sense. Nothing can be more lucid and unaffected than the style, nor more praiseworthy than the self-denial with which Professor Jebb abstains from entering on all manner of topics as charming and as perilous as the isles of Circe or Calypso. This is a businesslike book, and is intended not for the kind of customer who likes a sort of intellectual minced veal, a little, pleasing, popular maundering on a vast subject, but for the serious student who desires a bird's-eye view of all things Homeric. When we consider the wilderness of books—especially German books—that have been written on Homer, when we recall these nightmares of undigested learning, it seems astonishing that Mr. Jebb should have put what is essential in so small a compass, and should have held so firmly to the clue of common sense.

The book (two hundred and two pages in all) is divided into four chapters, with appendices on the Homeric House and Dr. Schliemann, on philological topics, and on the bibliography of essential Homeric studies. The first chapter deals with the general character of the Homeric poems (*Iliad* and *Odyssey*), and their place in the history of literature. The second shows their historical value, as illustrating an early period of Hellenic life, concerning which they are almost the only sources of information. The third chapter describes the influence of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in the ancient world, with a notice of ancient Homeric criticism; and the last chapter analyses the results of modern inquiry as to their origin.

It is impossible to follow Mr. Jebb closely through all these provinces; it must suffice us to venture a few remarks on different points as they rise. Occasionally we may almost regret that he did not expand his observations a little, though it is certain enough that one small volume cannot hold the whole he knows, or that admirers of Homer want to hear him explain. Conciseness is a merit rather than a defect, and, in a brief volume, Homeric reticence may well be imitated by the commentator on Homer.

Mr. Jebb begins with a page or two on the poetry which must have preceded the Epics. "The Greeks had very old folk-songs, which sprang from the Indo-European nature-worship. Such were the songs on the death of a beautiful youth—Linus, Hylas, Ialemus, Hyacinthus, Adonis—i.e. on the spring yielding to summer, the summer to autumn, and the like." Here the words Indo-European may be held superfluous, especially as Adonis, of course, is Semitic, as Mr. Jebb must be aware; indeed he derives *Linos* from *αἶλων* = *ai lens*, "the refrain of the Phœnician mourners." (Cf. Mannhardt, *Antike Wald- und Feldkulte*, Berlin, 1877, p. 281.) Mannhardt shows that Teutonic peoples also have their *Malkönig*, no doubt not borrowed from Phœnicians, who lent the Greeks the name Adonis, and the ballad burden, but not the institution of the lament for spring. On page 3 Mr. Jebb appears to confuse the natural order of the development of ritual. He speaks of the marriage-chant, and dirge, "both, in Homer's time, already secular, and sung by the people; no longer, as in ancient India, parts of a ritual, to be sung by the priests." Manifestly the people come historically before the priests, and sing their own dirges before they have evolved a sacerdotal order to sing for them. Much of ritual is only folklore stereotyped and elaborated by a priesthood. The Irish and the Corsican wailing women are modern examples of dirge-singing. The sentence would be better written, "marriage chant and dirge are in Homer's time still secular, and sung by the people, not yet, as in ancient India, parts of a ritual to be sung by priests." The Homeric king, in the same way, is his own *Hotri*, and does the sacrifices. Mr. Jebb, speaking of Orpheus, says "Orpheus = the Indian Ribhu." About this we must remark with the prudent poet:—

We can but say, it may be so,
To every theory propounded.

Mr. Max Müller makes Orpheus the Sun, and Eurydice the Dawn, and we may come in contact with Ribhu there. Preller does not so much think that Orpheus is the Sun as that he is the Darkness, "Orpheus vermuthlich desselben Stammes wie Ἐρφύη,"

* *Introduction to Homer*. By R. C. Jebb, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. 1887.

der Wind, als der Dunkle." Schwartz holds that Orpheus is the Wind; "der Wind ist auch himmlischer Spielmann." Such are the pranks of gay young scientific fancy. The matter is not of the most infinitesimal importance.

The literary position of the two epics is discussed by Mr. Jebb with clearness and exactness. He gives the Aristotelian criticism, noting Aristotle's opinion that the poems are a trifle long:—"I do not know whether it has been pointed out how interesting is this indication of Aristotle's feeling in relation to the modern view that the epics have grown by additions beyond their first design." But Aristotle is a modern. Ancient men, for some reason, liked their poems long. How they managed to enjoy those long poems, before reading was a universal accomplishment, does not appear. Probably the poems and romances were read aloud by the author or the holder of the copyright, and were to be "continued in our next," from day to day, or rather from night to night. Unless this was the practice, the early Greeks, like the twelfth-century French, would probably have preferred poems that could be heard from end to end at a sitting.

On the literary place and qualities of the Epics Mr. Jebb writes in a manner very pleasant to meet, after all the muddles that have been made between popular song and national epic and artificial (Virgilian or Miltonic) epic. The poems are the final artistic shape of legends, myths, and *Märchen*, and historic memories which floated about in traditions, in ballad, perhaps, in the lays of the minstrels of the great houses. The author or authors of the Homeric poems had all these things behind him or them. He made a new thing, though its mannerisms are survivals of the old. The poet's position, allowing for obvious differences, was very like Scott's in reference to the ballads and traditions of the Border. By the way, in "Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead," which Mr. Jebb quotes, we do not feel sure that we have a genuine ballad. As in the case of Mr. Browning's portrait of a lady, men

Coming up to examine it
Observe a good deal of Jane Lamb in it.

So we observe "a good deal of James Hogg in it," in the ballad of "Jamie Telfer"—

The Dinlay snaws were ne'er mair white,
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair—

Jacobus Hogg aut diabolus!

Mr. Jebb points out Mr. Matthew Arnold's unfairness to Scott, and, indeed, Mr. Arnold's favourite device of carrying about a brick as a specimen of the building; a brief text as an essential illustration of the whole of the work, is not so much unfair as hopelessly uncritical. You can prove anything in that way, and the proof is worth nothing. Mr. Jebb's high opinion of the potency of the Homeric art "in tracing certain types of character" seems to us inconsistent with his own theory of the composite character of the poems. Nor do we wholly understand that theory. "Few careful readers can doubt," says Mr. Jebb, "that the *Odyssey*, as it stands, has been put together by one man." What is meant by "put together"? If one man conceived the type of *Odysseus*, and carried it through the poem, then, in our opinion, he did not "put the poem together," but he was its author, just as much as Scott was the author of *Marmion*. What else is being an author? Of course Homer did not invent the siege of Troy, or the Sirens, or the Descent to Hades, or the Cyclops, or the *Märchen* of the husband's return. He "put together" all these things, and, if his contemporaries were idiots, they doubtless accused him of plagiarism. But the man who created our *Odysseus*, and Penelope, and Telemachus, and Eumæus, was the author of the *Odyssey*. Mr. Jebb thinks that certain parts, especially the "Telemachy" (1-4), the end of 23, and 24, are "additions to an earlier form of the poem." The poem could not have existed, in heroic Greece, without either Book 24 or some other account of what followed the slaying of the Wooers. Every one would have said, as the hero foresees, How did *Odysseus* meet the blood-feud of the Wooers' kinsmen? Of course the Alexandrian critics did not understand this; but we might—by this time. Mr. Jebb fancies that "The original 'Return' was composed in Greece proper as early as the eleventh century B.C., and the first enlargement had been made before 850 B.C." But we really fight with shadows when we try to peep into these things. We cannot tell exactly what the shape was of the materials on which the "one man" worked who "put together the *Odyssey*." They may have been mere *Märchen* and ballads. They may have been heroic lays of some length and substance. Scott, too, had ballads, tales, long romances, historic records all behind him. His *Lay* was none the less original and his own authorship; and so was the *Odyssey* the work of the man we call Homer.

On the subject of writing Mr. Jebb has moved with the advance of actual knowledge and of probable inference and analogy. The Greeks must have had frequent commercial intercourse with the Phenicians "from about 1100 B.C. or earlier still. . . . It would be strange if a people so quick-witted as the Greeks, while advancing in other parts of civilization, had delayed to follow this example"—the use of writing in daily life—"till so comparatively late a time in their development as the 7th century B.C." Negroes, and even Kanakas, have not been so slow of wit as the Greeks would have proved if it took them centuries to learn to write. As to reading—that is, reading for purposes of diversion—that, no doubt, was rare, as in Europe of the twelfth century:—

The idea, "a literary use of writing," needs definition. If it is taken to mean, "the wide circulation of writings by numerous copies, for a reading

public," certainly nothing of the kind seems to have existed before the latter part of the 5th century B.C. But suppose that a man had made a number of verses in his head, and was afraid of forgetting them. If he could use "the Phenician signs" well enough to keep his accounts (for instance), or other memoranda, why should he not write down his verses? That, in fact, is what Wolf allows that some men did as early at least as 776 B.C. The verses might never be read by anybody except himself, or those to whom he privately bequeathed them: but his end would have been gained.

We can agree with Mr. Jebb about so many things that we shall not fight once more the battle of the Unity of the *Iliad*, especially as his book has hardly space enough for a thorough discussion. He allows that the poets are on the side of Unity, and poets may be admitted to know something about poetry. Too many of the critics might in happier circumstances have made respectable attorneys, but of poetry or of early life, manners, and character, they know as much as the author of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* reveals in his instructive compilation. Mr. Jebb is not, of course, one of those scholars; but he has eaten of their salt, and he who has done this, like the living men who taste the food of the ghosts in Hades, can never return to the old cheerful belief in the light of "the second sun of Hellas," Homer.

NEW NOVELS.*

IN *The Woodlanders* Mr. Hardy returns to that region of Wessex in which his early successes were made. Without attempting too rashly to conjecture the exact scene of the story, we can plainly enough gather from indications which the author gives that it lies near the centre of the county of Dorset, not far from the hilly and orchard-covered confines of the beautiful Vale of Blackmore. This district inspired the most characteristic pieces of the late Mr. Barnes; and it is sequestered, picturesque, and individual enough to be well worthy of the devotion of a poet or a novelist. Mr. Hardy has treated other parts of his native county before, but we have not found ourselves in exactly the company we meet with in *The Woodlanders* since he published *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

The opening pages of *The Woodlanders* give a very impressive notion of the solitude that reigns over vast tracts in this region of orchards. The villages are few and far apart, and they are apt to lie just off the desolate high-road, up cosy lanes, as though to escape the notice of those who walk and drive along the highway. It is in the concentration of a woodland village, where all persons are known to one another, and all are thrown upon the emotional resources of each other, that great dramas may be silently enacted, in the simplicity of an almost primitive form of society. Mr. Hardy, as he has so often proved, enjoys nothing so much as to observe the effect of bringing the unsophisticated elements of village life into contact with the world and outer fashion. It is his peculiarity that, while others have so freely chronicled the comic elements of the result, he has been mainly drawn to the tragic ones. The tone of his best novels, as will have been observed, is almost always what the old playwrights knew as *tragi-comical*, the solemn problems of life being presented in his pages tempered by the humours of what is often little else than a chorus of peasants. In *The Woodlanders* we find the natural order of development in a cider-village disturbed by two figures whose place should be rather in London or Paris than in a remote Dorsetshire community. These two personages set all the woodland music in a discord, and what would else be comedy comes in their hands to a tragic issue.

In the tiny village of Little Hintock the principal native inhabitant is a timber merchant of the name of Melbury, whose one daughter, Grace, has been educated, as the saying runs, "above her station." She is absent when the story opens, but is expected home very shortly. By an old vague agreement Grace Melbury is half-betrothed to Giles Winterborne, a fine young fellow engaged in the apple trade. This man is the hero of the story. Several of the villagers, and Winterborne in particular, keep the tenure of their houses upon lifehold, and are at the mercy of the lady of the manor. This is a very eccentric personage, widow of a rich man much older than herself, who married her off the stage, and who has died, leaving her quite young. Mrs. Charmond is seldom at Hintock House, and when she appears she is not much approved of. Her manners are thus discussed by some spar-makers at work:—

"My brother-in-law told me, and I have no reason to doubt it," said Creddie, "that she'd sit down to her dinner with a frock hardly higher than her elbows. 'Oh, you wicked woman!' he said to himself when he first saw her; 'you go to your church, and sit, and kneel, as if your knee-joints were greased with very saint's anointment, and tell off your hear-us-good-Lords as pat as a business man counting money; and yet you can eat your victuals such a figure as that!' Whether she's a reformed character by this time I can't say; but I don't care who the man is, that's how she went on when my brother-in-law lived there."

The other disturbing element is a Dr. Fitzpiers, a young physician of great, though superficial, abilities and dangerous good looks, who settles at Little Hintock, to be in the midst of a country practice. Another leading character is Marty South, a taciturn, lonely girl, who lives by making spars, and who nourishes a dumb

* *The Woodlanders*. By Thomas Hardy. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

The Friend of the Family. *The Gambler*. By Fedor Dostoevsky. Translated from the Russian by F. Whishaw. London: Vizetelly. 1887.

In the Name of the Tsar. By J. B. Dayne. London: Blackwood. 1887.

and hopeless love for Giles Winterborne. These are the principal characters which unite to form the impassioned drama of this romance.

It is in no carping spirit, but rather to ensure that justice should be done to Mr. Hardy, that we venture to encourage the reader to go carefully through the early chapters of the first volume of *The Woodlanders*. They will probably feel, with ourselves, that after the very felicitous opening scene with Marty South in her cottage, the narrative becomes not a little stiff and laboured for several chapters. We do not remember any previous book in which Mr. Hardy has been so unfortunate as he is here in making Melbury get out of bed and walk in his garden at two o'clock in the morning in order that his wife may follow him, and may be told certain incidents in his early life in tones loud enough to be heard by Marty South, who also happens, providentially, to be out in her garden at that unearthly hour. This, or we are much mistaken, is forced indeed. But Mr. Hardy soon warms to his work, throws off what may perhaps be signs of fatigue, and, by the time he is half-way through the first volume, has completely recovered his tone. The second volume is, in our opinion, one of the best that he has ever written, and the third is little inferior to it. It is a pity that the beginning of the book should have the air of being written in defiance of Minerva.

While we are finding fault, we may as well have our quarrel out with Mr. Hardy. We are not of those who call in question the wit and ingenuity of the conversation which he puts into the mouths of his countryfolk. The objection to such talk as unnatural is made by those who do not know the Wessex yeoman and journeyman, by those who, when they meet an inhabitant, talk over his head with their London jargon, or strike him into suspicious and sarcastic silence by their fashionable airs. But, although we know the Dorsetshire man too well not to be aware that Mr. Hardy holds the secret of his speech, and perfectly well understands what he is doing in reproducing his idiom, we yet think that the novelist is a little inconsistent in his standard of conversation. It appears to us that he vacillates between giving an exact facsimile of the village talk and doing what many French novelists think it proper to do—that is to say, putting pure town talk into the lips of their peasants. We will give an instance of what we conceive to be confusion in this matter from the amusing passage at the beginning of Volume II., where Grammer Oliver talks to Grace about the bargain she had made to sell her brain for dissection after death to Dr. Fitzpiers. Most of this conversation is in the broadest Dorset, with its delightful appeal to the girl to “save a poor old woman’s skellington from a heathen’s chopper”; but it ends thus:—

“Ay, one can joke when one is well, even in old age; but in sickness one’s gaiety falters; and that which seemed small looks large, and the grim far-off seems near.”

This, surely, strikes a thoroughly false note, especially the words which we have italicized, than which nothing less in keeping with poor old Grammer’s habits of mind or speech could well be conceived. Occasional lapses of this kind, and a habit of using strained and over-technical words for simple things, seem to us to be the snares against which Mr. Hardy needs to guard himself.

We are giving, however, but a poor idea of the richness and humanity of the book. Mr. Hardy has not often drawn a more sympathetic character than that of the undemonstrative, patient, and self-denying Giles Winterborne. The picture of him when Grace first compares him wittingly with the shallow and flashy Edred Fitzpiers, when she sees Giles in the sunset light, following his apple-mill, and looking like the very genius of the orchards, is in a high degree subtle and original. Not less admirable in their own way are the passages in which Grace and Mrs. Charmond lose their way in the wood; that in which Fitzpiers, dead asleep from fatigue, is carried through the moonlight upright in his saddle; or the final scene in which Giles dies in the hut in the copse. Mr. Hardy has never written a novel in which the landscape takes a more important place than it does in *The Woodlanders*; it does not intrude itself, but at every point the novelist introduces some touch which brings up a picture before our eyes, and we see the warm-coloured figures of his vivid drama moving against a background of rich orchard-country, with the light violet mist floating over it, and vaulted by a low sky, which is constellated with what are not stars, but every variety of pale green and light golden and dark red apples. We may instance the description of the sudden coming of winter, on p. 259 of the second volume, as a particularly favourable instance of the sympathetic treatment of landscape, not as an outside adornment, but as an essential part of the scheme of the story. The humorous element in *The Woodlanders* is not very prominent. We have already casually mentioned the two principal comedians—the old Creedle, and Grammer Oliver, the ancient caretaker. In closing we may express a hope that Mr. Hardy, whose characters are wont to be so essentially persons of flesh and blood, will not be led astray by the desire to idealize. Giles Winterborne is, perhaps, a little too consciously treated as the incarnation of a phase of village civilization, and not quite enough as an individual.

The second volume on our list contains two short novels translated from the Russian of Fedor Dostoevsky. *The Friend of the Family* is the story of a certain Tartufe, named Thomas Tornich Opuskin, and of how he forced himself as a parasite into an honourable country family. He was gross and illiterate, he bullied and robbed his master, he was odious in all the relations

of life; but he was possessed of matchless impudence, and was taken at his own valuation. At the end of the story he is exposed, like the original Tartufe, but exposed in vain; for, after a crisis, as the curtain is going down, this good genius has just taken up his quarters permanently in the house. *The Gambler* is a slighter work, an “international episode” of the roulette-table. We seem to have heard something like it before—the man who is ruined at *rouge-et-noir*, who feels that he has still a florin in his pocket as he rushes out to shoot himself, who flies back to stake this last coin on *manque*, and who wins a fortune and a remarkably showy wife. We must candidly say that neither of these stories appears to us, in its present form, to support the very high reputation of Dostoevsky. These tales appear to be written in an old-fashioned manner that recalls the method of Smollett, the characters being excessively high-coloured, the sentiments elaborately ironical, the bustle of incidents extreme. But we know how excessively unfair it is to judge a work of fiction by a translation alone, and we do not profess to say how much of what leaves us languid in *The Friend of the Family* is due to Mr. Wishaw. No doubt the dialogue is very lively and entertaining in the original. Fedor Dostoevsky possesses a reputation in his own country which only work of an exceedingly high order can have created.

In *The Name of the Tsar* is a Russian story, too, but we feel greater confidence in judging of its merits. A Secret Society meeting in the Convent of the Grande Chartreuse (*Tu, severi religio loci!*), handsome women in dark red, marking the game at Monte Carlo “with an expression of pitiless and remorseless cruelty,” a flight from a Moscow minaret in the Nihilist balloon, a Czar (or Tsar) of all the Russias who is himself secretly a Nihilist, a princess who dies in a young English gentleman’s arms, “hissing out towards him the one word ‘traitor’”—all this in a setting of love-scenes soft enough for the delicate senses of Mrs. Witterly, seems admirably adapted, in one short volume, to satisfy those who desire to have a good deal for their money. We may add that the curiosity of the reader is fully satisfied as to “the reason why Lillian *alias* Dimples could not have meant what she said about Tom when she called him a goose.”

CLASSICAL SCHOOLBOOKS.*

MR. RAWLINS has put together, from the fourth and fifth decades of Livy, the history of the wars of Rome against Philip and Persens. The idea is a happy one, as this period is seldom read by young scholars in the original authorities. The extracts have been judiciously made, and the editor has done all in his power to render the course of history clear and intelligible. The introduction contains a good sketch of the position of affairs in Greece, and a short account of the authorities for the two wars. The notes, both historical and grammatical, are thoroughly sound, and moreover terse. An accurate map of Northern and Central Greece is rendered indistinct by excess of detail in the mountain ranges, and by the somewhat illegible character of the smaller type.

Mr. Sloman in his present work carries on the series of editions of the plays forming the Westminster cycle which he began in conjunction with Mr. Freeman. The prominent feature of these editions is the help given towards the appreciation of the comedies as acting plays by stage directions which experience at Westminster has suggested. These are thoroughly good and useful. The introduction contains a short chapter on the metres of the play, and in the text all syllables are marked whose quantity is at variance with the rules of prosody of the Augustan age. The notes are short and frequent and thoroughly practical; help in actual translation is given sparingly, and dramatic points are well brought out.

A selection from Ovid suited to the capacity of boys at preparatory schools has long been needed, and Messrs. Heatley and Turner have undertaken to supply the want. They have made a very tolerable selection, though we miss some pieces admirably

* *The Last Two Kings of Macedon*. Extracts from the Fourth and Fifth Decades of Livy. Selected and edited by F. H. Rawlins, M.A., Assistant-Master at Eton College. London: Macmillan & Co.

P. Terenti Adelphi. With Notes and Introductions intended for the Higher Forms of Public Schools. By the Rev. A. Sloman, M.A., Headmaster of Birkenhead School. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Selections from Ovid. By H. R. Heatley, M.A., and J. Arnold Turner, B.A. London: Rivingtons.

Selected Odes of Horace. With Notes for the Use of a Fifth Form. By E. C. Wickham, M.A., Master of Wellington College. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The Hecuba of Euripides. With a Vocabulary. By John T. White, D.D., Oxon. London: Longmans & Co.

Cæsar—The Gallic War. Book VI. With Notes and Vocabulary. London: Rivingtons.

Greek Testament. Selections for the Use of Schools. By A. M. M. Stedman, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford. London: George Bell & Sons.

Macmillan's Shorter Latin Course. By A. M. Cook, M.A., Assistant-Master in St. Paul's School. London: Macmillan & Co.

Select Private Orations of Demosthenes. With Introductions and English Commentary. By F. A. Paley, M.A., LL.D., and J. E. Sandys, Litt.D., Public Orator in the University of Cambridge. Second edition. Cambridge: University Press.

A First Greek Writer. By A. Sidgwick, M.A. Fourth edition. London: Rivingtons.

suitable to young boys—such, for instance, as the stories of Proserpine and of Arion, the flight of Dædalus and Icarus, the taking of Gabii, and the fight between Hercules and Cacus. These and many others that might be named would be more appropriate than such rhetorical expressions of passion as the letter of Deianira to Hercules, and other passages from the *Heroides* with which the book, rather unhappily, begins. The notes give enough and not too much help, and are, on the whole, accurate; though we find an astonishing blunder, on p. 82, in a note on the line "*Vinclaque sopitas addit in arta manus*"—in, we are told, governs *menus*, and a reference is given to *Amores* I. vii. 1. In, of course governs *vincla* in both passages. The construction is rather a favourite one with Ovid, who writes in *Ars Amatoria*, ii. 672, "*addite in arma manus*."

Mr. Wickham has selected some thirty odes and epodes of Horace for the use of a fifth form. The notes are based on those in his complete edition, which is probably the best school Horace in existence. The selection has been made judiciously, and each of the chief metres of the poet is represented. Every ode in the book should be learnt by heart, and there could scarcely be a more handy little text-book for this purpose.

Dr. White's *Hecuba* contains the text of the play and a vocabulary. The latter is about two hundred and thirty pages long, and we cannot conceive what advantages it possesses over the ordinary lexicon. There are no notes to this edition.

Messrs. Rivington have published the sixth book of the Gallic War in a well-printed, handy little volume. The notes are short, but sufficient, and there is a satisfactory map of Gaul at the end.

Mr. Stedman has selected from the four Gospels passages telling the chief events in the life of Christ, and the most important miracles and parables. The idea is a good one, and has been well carried out. The use of the book may do much to get rid of the dislike which boys very generally feel of the Greek Testament lesson. Mr. Stedman has very sensibly given neither notes nor vocabulary.

Macmillan's *Shorter Latin Course* is an abridgment of a work which we noticed some months ago. We then pointed out that the book was far too large for a first year's course, and that many matters were treated with far too much detail. We learn from the preface to the present volume that the same objection has been made by many teachers, and the publishers have accordingly omitted in this shorter edition much of the superfluous matter. A large number of exercises on exceptions to rules for the gender of nouns of the third declension have been taken out, and the value of the book is greatly increased by these and other omissions. The old order of subjects is, however, retained, and it is, to our mind, a great drawback that learners who use this book will not begin *amo* until they have learnt the nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, and that till then they can only construct sentences by the aid of third persons of verbs doled out to them one by one. In other respects the book is a good one. The exercises are plentiful, and the words which they contain are such as will be useful to learners when they pass on to higher work.

The second edition of Messrs. Sandys and Paley's *Select Private Orations* has been carefully revised, and has received some additions, among others a plate of coins excellently reproduced.

Mr. Sidgwick's well-known *Greek Writer* has reached a fourth edition, and has also been revised.

MRS. PAPENDIEK'S JOURNALS.*

MRS. PAPENDIEK was the daughter of a member of the household of Queen Charlotte who came over to England with her when she left Germany to be married to George III.; her husband was also in the Royal household. Her narrative, so far as Queen Charlotte is concerned, covers the years spent by Miss Burney in attendance upon the Queen; but ceases in 1792, some time after which Mrs. Papendiek herself received the appointment of Assistant-Keeper of the Wardrobe and Reader to the Queen, in which she no doubt enjoyed better opportunities of recording matters of general interest than were possessed by her at the time during which her Journals were kept. It would be unfair on all accounts to make any serious comparison between them and the diary of Miss Burney's life at Court; but, after making all allowance for difference of ability, station, knowledge of character, and power of literary description, it must be said that the title of Mrs. Papendiek's Journals excites expectations which they fail to satisfy. The lady appears to have been an excellent wife and mother, to have brought up her family well, and to have been a notable housewife and manager. Her memory of the dishes which appeared at her little dinners and suppers, and of her own dresses and those contrived and altered for her children, is wonderfully exact; but there is too much chronicling of small beer, and the matters of larger concern are few and far between. In several places the narrative is explained and reinforced by judicious extracts from Miss Burney and Dr. Doran, which, however useful, cannot fail to suggest its own intrinsic want of value and of adequate information. Still the book contains glimpses of altered manners and customs which are not devoid of amusement. There is mention of an easygoing and prudent footpad and house-breaker who contrived to hold a sort of respectable position among his neighbours at Kew by taking care not to be found out and

promising protection to his friends. The Duchess of Northumberland (1773) travelled on the Continent with a secretary, her own woman, a dresser and chambermaid, also her groom of the chambers, footmen, outriders, and four carriages. She was accompanied by Mrs. Papendiek's father, on the kind proposal of the Queen, as he was himself in indifferent health; and the position at that time of a superior attendant in the Royal household is shown by the fact that he used to be called upon to make up a pool at quadrille for the Duchess and sometimes to come into her carriage.

While at a capital school at Streatham Miss Albert, as Mrs. Papendiek then was, used to see the Thrales and Dr. Johnson, and often met Sir Joshua Reynolds. The anecdote, however, told of Dr. Johnson and Hannah More is a well-known one. In 1780 Mrs. Papendiek and her party were robbed by highwaymen at Mortlake in returning to Kew from Vauxhall, and, in consequence of the alarm created by the famous riots in that year, on another occasion, in driving home from the play, the gentlemen sat on the box of the carriage with their swords drawn. Later on she speaks of having been escorted from Brixton Hill to Streatham by a gentleman with a blunderbuss, "as usual." The musical tastes of George III., as shown in his constant private concerts and his frequent attendance at public performances, in both of which Mr. Papendiek used to take part with his flute, serve to introduce a good deal of musical gossip and anecdote. A curious reason is given for the French Revolution, which is supposed to have been brought about by a cry for economy, which itself was occasioned by reductions in the expenses of the Royal household in England, and these, not without reason, are conceived to have been caused by Burke's attacks on the extravagance of the Civil List. So that, in fact, it was Burke himself who was primarily responsible for that which he afterwards so deeply and so eloquently deplored.

In relating her marriage in 1783, it is remarked by Mrs. Papendiek that wedding-cake was not then the custom in her rank of life, nor were silver forks then usual. The dinner-service of the young couple was of earthenware; pewter and delft ware could be had, but were inferior. Peas were eaten with a broad-bladed knife, as only the best forks had three prongs. In due time a little girl was born who afterwards became the wife of the Right Hon. J. Planta, and the subsequent reception of friends to drink caudle and chocolate is duly recorded. On those occasions it seems that visitors were expected to put half-a-crown in the saucer for the nurse. The ordinary dinner-hour was at two o'clock, or if there was company, it was at three. Meat was 5d. a pound; a fowl cost from 9d. to 1s., the quarter-loaf was 4d., sugar was 4d. a pound, but tea was 6s. the pound and upwards. The practice of part payment by perquisites must have been one sure cause of extravagance in the management of the Royal household, and was not thoroughly dealt with until early in the reign of the present Queen. Board of Green Cloth perquisites are mentioned as being tablecloths, napkins, store-candles, and pitcher-wine. There were also the wax candles, night wax mortars, from the rooms of the princesses, and the remains of any meal served to them separately.

It is mentioned that at the date of the King's great illness Mr. Albert, Mrs. Papendiek's father, had 300*l.* a year, with the nominal title of "principal barber." But he was too nervous to undertake to shave the poor King when it was thought safe to have this operation performed, and Mr. Papendiek courageously undertook the responsibility, but obtained the Queen's consent to have down from London to Windsor a celebrated razor-maker, in order that the instruments might be in the best condition.

In 1788 luxury is said to have gained ground, but the dinner-hour remained as before. Soups are described as gravy, clear, or with vegetables. White soup, as we also know from Miss Austen's novels, was used for ball suppers; and it is said that real turtle was only dressed as a ragout, never as a soup. But this is a point in gastronomic history upon which further information seems desirable before it can be finally accepted as true. The Papendiek family associated with the Herschels at Slough, with the prebends of Windsor, with the musicians who came to play to the King, and saw a good deal of Zoffany, the painter. Mention is also made of the early days of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and his appearance as a young man at Windsor, when he made a beautiful drawing of Mrs. Papendiek, of which an engraving appears in the present volumes. An erroneous account is given of the reason which led to Miss Burney's leaving the Queen, but it must be presumed to be that which was current in secondary Court circles at the time. She is said to have informed the Queen that she had written a third novel, which she desired to read to her, and to have the honour of dedicating to Her Majesty, which is about the last thing that Miss Burney, with her well-known retiring disposition, is likely to have done. The story goes on to say that the Queen replied that novel-writing could not be sanctioned under her roof, that she had perceived a want of cheerfulness in the attendance of Miss Burney, and felt certain that, whenever she rang the bell, the pen was laid down with regret, and that she thought it better for Miss Burney to resume her writing than to continue in a situation of which the duties were irksome and uncongenial. The account of the matter given by Miss Burney herself is a very different one. No novel was written by her during the time of her attendance on the Queen. Unquestionably many of her duties were distasteful to her, and the loss of all private comfort and of the endearments of domestic life, together with her enforced confinement and seclusion, had begun seriously to affect her health. She was accordingly told by her medical adviser that she must obtain leave to resign her place about the Queen. Finally, upon the interference of her father, a memorial of

* *Mrs. Papendiek's Journals*. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1887.

resignation was laid before the Queen in November 1790. It was accepted, but Miss Burney remained in office until the following July. Royalties always resent being deserted by their attendants; but on this occasion Queen Charlotte behaved with the utmost kindness and consideration, and always continued to be favourably interested in Miss Burney's fortunes. Mrs. Papendiek's narrative appears to have been completed in 1839.

THE REFORMED CHURCH OF IRELAND.*

ALTHOUGH the principal aim of this volume is to describe the history of the Church of Ireland subsequent to the Act of Union, the larger part of it is devoted to a slight though generally satisfactory sketch of its earlier fortunes, beginning with the acknowledgment of the Royal Supremacy by the Irish Parliament in 1537. Dr. Ball's arrangement of his subject is good, and he preserves throughout a tone of scrupulous moderation. The chapters on the reign of Queen Elizabeth are followed by a general view of the effects produced on Ireland by the ecclesiastical reformation of the preceding period. This break marks a change in the history which might have been pointed out more clearly; for the reign saw the two Churches, the Protestant Church of the conquerors and the Roman Catholic Church of the conquered, linked to the interests of the two mutually hostile races, and thus a new and peculiarly bitter element was introduced into the strife between the two peoples. The causes of the depression of the Reformed Church and of its inability to obtain converts among the Irish are excellently drawn out. Religious hatred was fatal to the attempt made by James I. to extend the political and judicial institutions of England to the Irish districts. Romanist insubordination was answered by proclamations and penalties which are, we think, somewhat superficially attributed to the King's "desire to maintain his prerogative." Due weight is given to the work of Strafford and Bramhall in remedying the abuses of the Church and bringing it into closer "correspondence" with the Church of England, though we miss any adequate account of the dealings of Bramhall, as Bishop of Derry, with the Presbyterian Scots of his diocese. All that had been done for the welfare of the Church was undone by Cromwell. "His victorious despotism established itself upon the total ruin of the civil and ecclesiastical polity which had been before upheld in Ireland by the English Government." The reign of William III. saw the beginning of a new era in the history of the Church. With the overthrow of the cause of James II. the strength of the Roman Catholic party perished, and the controversy that arose out of Molyneux's treatise on the right of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland was followed by "the commencement among the Anglo-Irish of an Irish interest separate from the English; of distinct parties to maintain each, which included the clergy as well as the laity, and differed as to the policy proper to be pursued in reference both to ecclesiastical and civil affairs." The most powerful promoter of the English interest was Archbishop Boulter, whose abilities were ridiculed by Swift, and we are glad to find among the short notices of eminent Irish Churchmen of the eighteenth century an acknowledgment of the substantial services the Primate rendered to the Church. What little is said of Swift is commonplace; and, unless Archbishop Stone is grossly maligned, his name should scarcely have been mentioned without some severer condemnation than we find here.

While the clergy of the Irish Church were stimulated to greater zeal by the success that Methodism met with among the laity, the opinions which were subsequently called Evangelical did not for some years meet with any considerable acceptance in Ireland. The Evangelical party, however, gradually grew in strength, and "ultimately became in a high degree popular, especially among the laity." Theological controversy revived, and was mainly concerned with the nature and effects of faith. Chief among the opponents of the views advanced by the Evangelicals on this subject was Alexander Knox, whose writings, as Dr. Ball does not fail to note, contributed to the rise of the Oxford High Church movement. A clear statement is given of the progress of discontent with reference to the rights and property of the Established Church. Concessions were made which strengthened its position; the payment of tithe was shifted from the occupier to the landlord, and in other respects Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters were relieved from contributing to the maintenance of a Church to which they did not belong. The revival of the agitation which had slumbered for some twenty years is attributed to the results of the religious census of 1861. Mr. Gladstone, who, as we are reminded here, had ably advocated "the maintenance of the Establishment on the grounds of its teaching the truth," found that its "true basis" was cut away by the grant made to the College of Maynooth. The whole question of Disestablishment and Disendowment is argued in a manner fully worthy of the distinguished abilities of the author. "Motives of expediency" decided the fate of the Irish Church. "No complaint was made of the Church or of its clergy; there was no allegation of any neglect or default on the part of either." The last chapter contains an interesting record of the proceedings of the Church since

1871, with special reference to the enactment of the new Constitution, the composition and work of the Representative Body, and the revised Prayer-book now in use in Ireland. While pointing out that the Church "has so far come forth in honour and safety, and has retained unity within itself and continuity with the past," Dr. Ball wisely observes that the time for estimating the full effects of disestablishment has not yet arrived; the Church is not yet thrown upon its own resources, and it still retains the services of a highly-educated body of clergy. Among the Notes and Illustrations which are added in the Appendix, the dissertation on the nature of the Royal Supremacy deserves special attention.

CELEBRITIES OF THE CENTURY.*

HERE is a Dictionary of some eleven hundred "Celebrities"—it is probably too late to protest against the vulgarity—of all nations and peoples and kindred and tongues, of very varying degrees of importance and interest, who have this one thing, at all events, in common, that they have passed some portion of their lives, however brief, within the limits of this "so-called nineteenth century." The compilers have not been confined within any narrower boundaries than their own sweet wills, provided that this one condition be complied with; for we find that the memoirs range from William Pitt to Lord Randolph Churchill, from Lord Nelson to Lord Charles Beresford, and include persons as variously distinguished as Abd-el-kader, Tania Topee, Nana Sahib, Colonel Valentine Baker, Mr. Samuel Morley, Captain Boycott, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. "Tim" Healy, Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, Mr. Storey, A.R.A., the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, and Mr. Haweis. The last fault to be brought against a biographical dictionary is its inclusiveness, provided only that a sense of something like due proportion be observed in regard of the allotment of space, and that "A" is not made happy at the expense of "B."

The very first step Mr. Sanders took must have hampered him. Why should the "unit" that he selected have been a century that was yet unfinished? For a collection of "Celebrities" of any period that is complete in itself, there is generally something to be said; the last century, or the first half of the present one, might be cases in point. The present volume is an attempt to boil down the biographies of deceased persons whose celebrity may be supposed to be complete, and to supplement them by the "life-stories" of a very large number of living people whose careers are unfinished; and the result is certainly, and almost necessarily, not wholly satisfactory.

The gravest fault of the volume is the insertion of "eloquent" and long-winded, if glowing, descriptions of the characters and achievements of the "Celebrities." As specimens of tall writing these would certainly be received with loud cheers at any suburban institute, where they might be oratorically delivered; but they are "out of the picture" in a dictionary. We ought to have mentioned earlier that the more important personages have been entrusted to hands very competent for the due execution of their task. It is not one of these gentlemen who finds occasion to say of a great writer:—"In 1811 Jane Austen came as a river of morning air after the nocturnal vapours of the school of Mrs. Radcliffe," &c. The "vastness" of Mr. Bradlaugh's "legal knowledge" is perhaps doubted by some of us; and there may fairly be differences of opinion as to which is the "most exquisitely funny" of Mr. Harry Furniss's contributions to *Punch*. To place the life of Mr. Browning in the hands of Mr. Furniss was, of course, the obvious way to ensure conciseness and brevity. The old story about Dr. Whewell and the article about Chinese music should hardly have been detailed without the quiet comment of the late W. G. Clark, "Ah, that's about the best story I ever made about Whewell." There is no mention of Mr. Greville's connexion with the Turf under his name; Mr. Walt Whitman is much overweighted with four long columns, nearly all criticism; Mr. Gladstone's review of *Ecce Homo* was not contributed to the *Sunday at Home*, but to *Good Words*; Mr. James Spedding had high claims to distinction, but he was not a D.D.; Mr. Edmund Yates was not the author of *Celebrities at Home*; and it is rather absurd to describe Lord Blackburn, the late Judge of the Appellate Court, as a "barrister and legal authority."

It cannot too often be urged that, although many of these *corrigenda* may seem to be trifles, it is precisely upon his accurate chronicling of trifles such as these that the failure or success of an editor's enterprise must be judged. We have not attempted any exhaustive list of blunders, nor have we even mentioned some of the more elaborate (such as those in regard to the Baring family on p. 95), which are by no means so insidiously dangerous as the "trifles," because most readers are able to correct them for themselves as they go along. It would be unfair not to add that the printing and general get-up of the volume are unexceptionable; that many of the articles have merit, although, in our opinion, altogether out of place in a work of this kind. There is a good deal of information, particularly about recently-deceased notabilities, which is not readily accessible elsewhere.

* *The Reformed Church of Ireland (1537-1886)*. By the Right Hon. J. T. Ball, LL.D., D.C.L. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

* *Celebrities of the Century; being a Dictionary of Men and Women of the Nineteenth Century*. London: Cassell & Co. 1887.

ANDREA DEL SARTO'S "CARITÀ."

THIS handsomely printed and illustrated pamphlet has been produced by Professor Max Müller to celebrate the acquisition of what he supposes to be an original drawing by Andrea del Sarto for his well-known fresco-painting of "Charity," executed for the Guild of Fraternity Degli Scalzi in Florence about 1511, while the artist was barely twenty-three years old. This is a very graceful composition, one of a set representing the theological virtues; Charity is symbolized in the usual way, by a Madonna-like figure, with one child on her knee, and two more by her sides; over the head of Charity is a curious polygonal nimbus, such as Giotto and other early painters used to distinguish figures of abstract conceptions from those of actual saints.

The drawing bought by Professor Max Müller in Florence is executed, according to him, on very old paper, and has on the back, in old-fashioned writing, the following inscription:—"Abbozzo di Andrea del Sarto—Dono d... Marchellini, Nel 1848, per ricordo, Carrara." After further examination, the Professor found that the date might perhaps be read 1648. In one point the drawing differs from the fresco; the polygonal nimbus is omitted. This appears to be the external evidence, obviously not of very great weight, as slightly varied copies of celebrated pictures on the most venerable paper, and attested by faded signatures in archaic handwritings, are common enough, and have been manufactured in great quantities for the last two hundred years or more.

No amount, however, of external evidence, even were it tenfold stronger than this, could withstand the unmistakable internal evidence of the drawing, a photographic reproduction of which is given. It is a very dull and very feeble copy by some fifth-rate draughtsman, utterly weak in style throughout, and ludicrously bad in certain parts, such as the extremities of the children, and especially the extended left hand and arm of the boy on the left of the picture. It is difficult to believe that any one who had ever seen a genuine drawing by Andrea del Sarto could for a moment be taken in by so miserable a piece of work.

Although some insipidity and monotony of style did creep into some of Andrea's finished paintings, especially his oft-repeated Madonna groups, yet his drawings are full of inimitable freshness and vigour, the very opposite in every respect to Professor Max Müller's so-called "Abbozzo." The study of drawings is one of exceptional difficulty, and even professed art-students are liable to serious mistakes; as, for example, in a recent French work, where a beautiful study in red chalk by Andrea del Sarto for some of the figures in his *Annunziata* frescoes is actually reproduced as a drawing by Donatello.

The moral of all this is, that long and careful training of the eye is required for the acquisition of a trustworthy judgment in such matters, and that an unpractised person is liable to commit blunders of the most stupendous kind.

"TOADSTOOLS." †

THIS is an amusing and instructive book with a misleading title. Its claims to the former description will be made good shortly. We condemn the title as misleading because the work only deals with a portion of the known British fungi, and even this portion (not the largest of the groups) is treated more after the manner of a catalogue than after that of a text-book. The text of the book is, in fact, confined to describing certain arbitrarily selected species of the larger fungi, commonly known as mushrooms and toadstools, the scientifically more important moulds, rusts, mildews, and microscopic fungi generally being avowedly omitted. Again, the author only writes about certain forms of the mushrooms and toadstools, arbitrarily selected on account of their esculent or toxic properties, and there can be little doubt in the mind of any competent reader that the title implies too much.

The text occupies somewhat more than 230 pages, about half the book; the other half of the work consists of plates, of figures simply copied from a well-known handbook. One of the most curious features here is that more than two-thirds of these figures refer to groups of fungi which are not mentioned or referred to in the text, and which have absolutely no connexion with the main subject of the book. Apart from the antiquated character of many of these illustrations, it seems a mystery why they should have been added to fill up a book beyond its proper limits in this way. Had short descriptions of the figure been appended, some justification for their reproduction would have been offered; as it is, we can only say that we do not understand why they are present. The book is really a short treatise on the edible and poisonous species of so-called mushrooms and toadstools, and a few of the larger and more conspicuous forms of other fungi. It is written from the point of view of one who is evidently an enthusiastic lover of fungi as comestibles, and, we may add, one who seems to be well practised in his special subject; but wherever the author passes into other regions, weak points are at once apparent. In the preface the author sets out very modestly, in spite of the

ambiguity that is involved in the following sentence:—"It has never been my privilege, as yet, to meet with any person versed in mycology from whom I could derive instruction," and then passes to a general introduction, containing some ingenious remarks on the derivation of the words mushroom and toadstool. Chapter II. is devoted to some old-fashioned statements on the general features of cryptogamic and other plants, and to somewhat severe remarks on those who love not toadstools, but are afflicted with "fungophobia"—the word is coined by the author. Chapter III. is entitled "On the Discrimination of Fungi," and Chapter IV. "On the Economic Use of Fungi." In the latter chapter the author shows how very ignorant we English are of the numerous edible species of so-called toadstools, and points out the great differences between the Continental nations and ourselves in this respect. The author is in earnest here:—

Tons innumerable of excellent food are suffered to waste every year. . . . During summer and autumn our parks, pastures, woodlands, and plantations abound with a profusion of esculent fungi. The neglect of this aliment is serious, when we reflect on the poverty and want surrounding us.—P. 15.

This chapter gives the motive for the book, and it is to be deplored that the title does not accord with it. Chapter V. is entitled "On the Structural Anatomy of Fungi." It is devoted entirely and only to descriptions of the pileus, stem, ring, volva, gills, &c., of the larger forms; and the following chapter, "On the Classification of Fungi," is equally limited in scope. On p. 43 we are referred to the plates for information on microscopic fungi; but, as already stated, these plates are almost useless, and have no descriptive accounts attached. The best part of the book follows, and consists of lists of the wholesome "mushrooms" (in the broader sense), with excellent short descriptions; followed by other lists of the poisonous and unwholesome species, and their distinctive characters. When we note that, of the 230 pages or so of text, about 150 are occupied with these descriptive catalogues and remarks, it will readily be seen that the book is really a manual of the chief esculent and dangerous mushrooms and toadstools, so called, and in no proper sense a text-book of British fungi. On the subject of "fungus-eating" the author is evidently a high authority. It will be a surprise to many who believe that only one species of mushroom is wholesome, to find that no less than 221 species of what would for the most part be condemned as toadstools are esculent, and that a large number of these are highly commended, several of them being extolled as better food than the common field mushroom we know so well. The author gives simple directions for distinguishing these wholesome species, and shows where to look for them, and how to prepare them for table in no less than 133 different ways; then follows an amusing menu for a "Fungus Feast"—a veritable banquet of 10 courses, comprising more than 30 dishes, all fungi. There is something to smile at as well as much to admire in this enthusiastic devotion to the "fruits of the earth," as the writer likes to call them, and, since we have some words of praise in reserve, it may be as well to take the less serious parts first, pointing out some venial faults by the way. The author has some curious English names for his pets:—Beelzebub's Cushion, the Bossed Parasol, Brazenface, the Destroying Angel, the Blusher, being a few specimens; whence he has obtained them is not clear, and we think he has made a serious mistake in using unrecognized names for the index, without a duplicate alphabetical index of the established scientific names. What will historians and students of English say to the following (p. 47)?—

Legendary history relates that the ancient Druids were wont at certain seasons to cut some parasite off oak-trees with golden sickles and much ceremony. This parasite is always called mistletoe. Now who ever saw mistletoe growing on the oak? It never does grow on that tree—except in the year of the Greek Kalends, perhaps! Has not the name of the parasite been wrongly translated? Doubtless! The author conceives that it was the oak-tongue (*Fistulina hepatica*) which the Druids cropped, not the useless mistletoe. And he has little doubt that many a rare feast on its succulent flesh used to be held by the Druids in the mystic recesses of their forest temples!

On p. 126 we are informed that *Boletus fragrans* is "a tasty and pleasant edible. . . . I may add that the Russians seem to like their mushrooms maggoty, just as we like our Stilton 'all alive.'" English readers may not be aware that puff-balls are good to eat when young, but are dangerous when ripe, and that the fumes of ripe puff-balls are used as a narcotic. The author says (p. 136):—"Vivisectionists stupefy the subjects to be experimented upon with it. When studying physiology, I have frequently seen puff-ball so employed." This must have been many years ago, we should imagine.

It would be tedious to dwell on the author's enthusiastic praise of the flavour and virtues of some of his cooked favourites. We may select the following specimens. Speaking of the "Red-milk," a salmon-coloured "toadstool" often found growing in pine-woods, he says:—"Its qualities can only be described in superlative terms. It is wholesome, nutritive, and most delicious, and lends itself well to preservation in salt. In Russia, which is a great fungus-eating country, the Red-milk is esteemed as 'fit to set before the Czar.' Yet here it is suffered to rot unheeded by the ton." It is, of course, a "poisonous-looking toadstool" to the million; and so on with others. Fancy a toadstool which "tastes like lamb's kidneys" (p. 52), or a "Blewit" which "is as good as a veal cutlet, which it may be dressed to resemble." Of the "Oak-tongue" we are told:—"It can be cooked so as to resemble beef-steak; and its juice can hardly be distinguished from beef-gravy" (p. 47).

* *Andrea del Sarto's "Carità."* By F. Max Müller. London: Fine Art Society.

† *An Elementary Text-book of British Fungi.* By W. Delisle Hay, F.R.G.S. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1887.

But there is a dark side to all this, and unless the would-be mycophagist (as the author terms the fungus-eater) acquires the necessary skill in discriminating between the dangerous and the wholesome forms—and both may occur in the same genus—he runs great risks. The book describes toadstools the juice of which will kill a man in a few hours, and the author himself gives a good specimen of the danger which the tiro may run. Of *Agaricus pantherinus* he states (p. 163):—

I once ate two specimens before I knew better. In eight or ten hours I experienced giddiness, vertigo, nervous trembling, and some time after painful colic. These symptoms passed off, but next day urticaria showed itself, and lasted a week. The species must not be mistaken for the Blusher.

Here we have the matter in a nutshell. The fungus-eater has to be trained, and runs great risks if he tastes before he becomes expert. *Agaricus pantherinus* is not the worst of its group; the very next species in the list under review is frightfully poisonous, and yet several other species of the same sub-genus are extolled as excellent food.

It remains to be said that the author has compiled an excellent case for those who wish to instruct country people to make more use of the gifts of nature, and although he does not fully recognize all the difficulties, he is perfectly frank with respect to the dangerous species. It cannot be denied that large quantities of wholesome food are wasted, because our English poor do not know of its existence; moreover, if the children of Lorraine can discriminate between good and bad "toadstools," so could the children of England, if taught. The author goes too far, we think, in some of his visions of the importance and accessibility of this food-supply, and he is too ready to apply severe language to those who have "neglected, ridiculed, and aspersed" his pets (as, for instance, on p. 196); but we are willing to accord sympathy with his desire to increase systematic observation and knowledge.

In conclusion, we may direct attention to one or two errors. Apart from the antiquated classification in Chapter II. and the first part of Chapter VI., and passing over the want of proportion in the various groups, the author betrays a strange unfamiliarity with the scientific meaning of the word parasite. Not only are whole subgenera of Hymenomyces which grow on dead bodies classed as parasites, but the following statements stand as witnesses against the author's physiology. On p. 35 *Deconica* is described as "parasitic on dung," and on p. 37 *Myctalis* is stated to be "parasitic on some dead *Agarics*." Why the old error of placing the "Myxogastres" among the Gasteromycetes is propagated it is not easy to surmise, and what information a learner is to obtain from the figures on some of the plates it is equally difficult to suggest.

BRISTOL.*

PROFESSOR FREEMAN and Mr. Hunt have done well to include Bristol among their "Historic Towns," and to give it an early place in their series. Its history is both typical and distinctive. It is the typical history of a great trading town in a great trading country—a town which, by making the most of its topographical advantages, pushed itself forward to be the second city of the kingdom; and it is distinctive, because it was neither an important ecclesiastical or administrative centre—nor, in spite of its castle, was it ever, like its neighbour Gloucester, the head of a feudal lordship—but owed its position to the vigour of the citizens within its walls. It is remarkable, too, for the lateness of its rise, and the suddenness with which it sprang into a foremost place. Though Roman camps dominated the heights of the Avon, and Bath, only a few miles off, is full of the magnificent remains of Roman civilization and luxury, there is no evidence that the Romans settled in Bristol. Nor does it appear that the English did so to any great extent, though its position was so important. If the etymology of the name be right which is given as "Bricgstow," or fenced place of the bridge, it is curious that it should not have played a greater part in the wars of early times. There could have been few bridges in England before the Norman Conquest; and not only was there one here, but it was the point of communication between the south-west of Mercia and Wessex, as it was afterwards between the two shires of Gloucester and Somerset. The silver pennies coined here by Ælfred in the reign of Æthelred (978-1016) give the first definite date to which we can point, and the peaceful supremacy of the Danes under Cnut gave to Bristol that maritime impulse which made it famous for centuries. As was to be expected from its situation, trade with Ireland rapidly developed; and Bristol ships sailed to Norway, and even to Iceland. The connexion between Bristol and Iceland has never been worked out; but from the Saga we learn that Bristol was the recognized *entrepôt* for Icelandic trade with the world, even with Norway. So much were the interests of the town at this time directed to external objects, that the Norman Conquest seems to have excited little notice, though it was to have an important bearing on its history.

Previous to the Conquest, as we learn from the Domesday Book, Bristol was assessed with the King's Manor of Barton; but in 1086 it comes before us as a borough. The king was lord of the town, and his dues were collected by a provost or reeve. The borough court over which he presided was composed of the bur-

gesses, the owners of land, shops, or houses, for which they paid rent to the lord. These formed the governing body of the town, acting with and under the reeve. Bristol at this time was of very small extent: it stood on a peninsula formed by the rivers Frome and Avon, which protected it on all sides save the east, where a neck of land joined it to the rest of Gloucestershire. On this neck of land Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, who in 1086 was in receipt of almost a third of the revenues of the town, though in what capacity does not clearly appear, as he was neither lord nor reeve of the town, built his castle. It was a strong position, holding the only road by which Bristol could be approached by land; it commanded the harbour, and having a river on either side, was well furnished with water defences. In 1119 Robert Earl of Gloucester added a square keep almost equalling that of the Tower of London in size, and otherwise strengthened the fortifications. In this he defied Stephen, and here the youthful Henry II. pursued his education for four years. The existence of this castle naturally embroiled Bristol in the wars of the succeeding turbulent reigns, while its importance rapidly increased. It assisted largely in the conquest of Ireland by supplying both ships and men, and in 1172 Henry II. granted a charter to the men of Bristol giving them the city of Dublin to inhabit, "with all the liberties and free customs which they have at Bristow and through the whole land." In the struggles of the reign of Henry III. the town, though it had been given by the King to his son Prince Edward on his marriage, seems to have sided with the barons. It made a bold attempt to save Simon de Montfort by sending ships for him to Newport, when Edward had broken all the bridges across the Severn and the Wye, but Edward attacked the transports with ships of war and so frustrated the design. After the battle of Evesham, the town had to purchase its peace by the payment of a heavy fine. Warlike exploits, however, did not hinder the townsmen from prosecuting commercial enterprise. The only harbour at this time was in the Avon, and the rapidity with which the tide of the river ebbed often left vessels stranded and strained. The Frome then flowed across the Marsh Street and Back Street of modern times, and entered the Avon near the old churchyard of St. Nicholas, leaving a tract of marsh on the south. In 1248 the townsmen bought part of this marsh from St. Augustine's Abbey, and cut a new and wide channel for the Frome straight through it, making the present course of the river. They filled up the old channel and completed a remarkable and successful piece of work, which gave them a good harbour and quay, at a cost of 5,000*l.*—a large sum of money in those days. They also built a stone bridge over the Avon, in place of the former wooden structure.

The Norman Conquest ushered in here, as elsewhere, an age of church-building, of which the gateway and chapter-house of St. Augustine's Abbey still remain as noble witnesses; but we purpose in this notice to follow more exclusively the trade of the town, which was the root of Bristol's greatness. One item was the export of slaves, who were either prisoners of war or kidnapped, to Ireland; and to such an extent had this prevailed, that the town had obtained the unenviable appellation of "the step-mother of England." Happily more legitimate articles also abounded. Bristol had become a mart for cloth, rough frieze being manufactured in the neighbouring district; and on St. James's Day there was a great fair for the sale of cloth, leather, corn, and other merchandize, which was attended by both English and foreign traders. Soap-making was also a great native industry, and tanneries dotted the banks of the Avon as they do now. It was a great mart also for the sale of fish from the Channel, and dating from the marriage of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine, Bristol became the great *depôt* of the wines of Southern France. These various trades were fostered by the system of guilds and crafts, of which there were at least twenty-six, and each craft occupied a separate district. The governing body, however, which exercised the right of choosing the mayor and his assistants, and farmed the rent of the town when it was let to the townsmen, was the Merchant Guild. From the time of the marriage of Eleanor of Castile to Edward I., Bristol was generally assigned to the Queen as part of her marriage portion, and thus obtained the name of "the Queen's Chamber"; the Queen, however, in her turn leased it to the mayor and commonalty until the time of Charles I., when it was finally redeemed. The important change from a reeve appointed by the lord to a mayor chosen by the governing body of the town cannot be assigned to a single date. It seems to have been of gradual introduction, but from 1217 onwards we have an uninterrupted list of mayors. A little later, towards the end of the thirteenth century, we have a curious testimony to the extent of the importance of Bristol, in the fact that in the records of London, Bristol, and Bordeaux, a Bristol name figures in different years as mayor of each, thus offering a strong presumption that the same man (or perhaps father and son) was successively chosen mayor by these widely distant commonalties. The wool trade largely developed under Edward III., and Thomas Blanket, who lies buried in St. Stephen's Church, has his name for ever identified with a useful invention. By the Black Death in 1349 Bristol lost nearly half its population, and this led to the importation of foreign workmen and the disruption of the guild system. Mr. Hunt's description of the town at this date is well worthy of notice:—

The streets were very narrow; for, as in the busier parts the ground was honeycombed with cellars for storing wine, salt, and other merchandize, no vehicle was allowed to be used in them. All goods were carried by porters or pack-horses, a custom which continued at least to the end of the seven-

* *Historic Towns—Bristol.* By William Hunt. London: Longmans & Co. 1887.

teenth century, and which excited the wonder of Samuel Pepys when he came hither. And the streets were still further narrowed by the huge bulkheads and projecting stalls of shops and by the entrances into cellars. The less important streets were little better than deep dark lanes. In all alike the refuse of the dwellings on either side must have streamed down the drain that ran through the middle of them. The one redeeming feature in the sanitary condition of the town was that it had an abundant supply of water, conveyed through conduits, for which it was largely indebted to its monasteries. The three lepers' hospitals mentioned in the "Monasticon" are perhaps significant of the prevalence of a disease that was the invariable attendant of dirt. When the plague came there was little power of resistance.

Notwithstanding this devastation, Bristol furnished a large quota of ships and men to the wars with France; and Edward III., in gratitude for this help, made it in 1373 a county of itself, with an elective sheriff and shire jurisdiction.

In the wars of Henry V. and the subsequent struggles of the Roses, Bristol took its full share; but, in spite of all, trade flourished greatly. This was the time of the great merchant Canynge, who was five times mayor, and twice represented Bristol in Parliament. He was specially mentioned in a treaty between Henry VI. and Christian I. of Denmark, which gave him a practical monopoly of the trade with Iceland and Finmark for two years. He employed 800 seamen, and had 2,853 tons of shipping divided over nine ships, whose names may be read over his monument in the noble Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which he rebuilt. He died in 1476, just when a new era was about to dawn. Twenty years later John Cabot, a naturalized Venetian who had settled in Bristol, obtained from Henry VII. a patent of discovery for himself and his three sons; they were to fit out five ships at their own cost, to take possession of all new islands and countries, paying the King a fifth of their gains on arriving at the port of Bristol, to which they were bound to return. He sailed with his son Sebastian in May 1497, discovered Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island, coasted round the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and returned to England in August. This success roused the Bristol merchants to further exertions, and the next year they fitted out a second expedition under the command of Sebastian Cabot, who, sailing along the coast of Labrador, came to a land called "Baccalaos" (codfish), which seems to have comprised Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. In the second Borgia map, drawn by Diego Ribera between 1494 and 1529, the land of Labrador is specially mentioned as having been discovered by "the English from the town of Bristol;" but Spanish jealousy adds that it is of no value to any one, and, moreover, it is drawn within a few leagues of the coast of Ireland so as to minimize the merit of the discovery. Sebastian Cabot afterwards went to Spain, where Charles V. made him a member of the Council of the Indies, and in 1518 Pilot-major. Mr. Hunt adds that "he assisted in the famous division of the undiscovered world between Spain and Portugal." This is a little vague; for the Bull of Alexander VI. which settled the division was published in 1493; but Mr. Hunt, no doubt, refers to the dispute as to the ownership of the Molucca Islands, which was decided at a conference of geographers held at Badajoz in 1524, of which Cabot was the president, and which affirmed that the islands were in Spanish waters. It was some time before trade with Newfoundland became remunerative; in fact, not till large settlements were made from Bristol in the reign of James I.; but, in the meantime, with the West Indies and the Spanish Main commerce was active. No doubt differences with the Spaniards in these regions accentuated the patriotic feelings of the Bristol men, for they took a particularly prominent part in the expedition against Cadiz, and they were well represented in the Admiral's fleet in the time of the Armada.

The Reformation was the means of adding a new dignity to Bristol. By a writ dated June 4, 1540, Henry VIII. made it an episcopal see, and the Abbey Church of St. Augustine's became the cathedral, with the name of the Church of the Holy Trinity. By the same writ the town was constituted a city. On the other hand, in the reign of Edward VI. Bristol suffered severely:—

The ornaments of her churches were defaced, the altars pulled down, the wall-paintings smeared over with lime. Here, as everywhere else, all chantries and free chapels were confiscated; all guilds were suppressed, and their possessions were given to the Crown. The trade companies of course continued to exist, but they lost the organization and the means which enabled them to perform acts of religion and mercy. All that tended to lighten the lot of the working class was ruthlessly sacrificed to the greed of the new nobles, who robbed God and the poor alike.

The Civil War demonstrated that, however strong the Castle might be before the time of artillery, it was no defence to the town in the days of guns of long range, directed by skillful engineers. Bristol lies in a hole, and can always be commanded by the hills which rise on almost every side. The town was taken by the Royalists, and re-taken by Cromwell and Fairfax; and when Rupert marched out, after the last capitulation, Cromwell pulled down the Castle so effectually that it is difficult now to detect a stone of it—*etiam periere ruine*.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century Bristol's native industries were not so flourishing. Soap-making had received a check under the Stuarts, and the old cloth manufacture had fallen into some decay. The profitable trade with the West Indies, America, and Spain, still continued, though Liverpool now became a formidable competitor. Gradually, however, the tide of commerce set more and more strongly towards the north, and, though Bristol held a good position till the West India trade was ruined, her pre-eminence was gone for ever. Ships of larger tonnage found her river and docks inconvenient, and though a spirited attempt to remedy this was made in 1803, when a new

channel was cut for the Avon, and the existing river turned into a floating dock and harbour, much of the good effect of this was lost by mismanagement and exorbitant dock dues. Though the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic, the *Great Western*, was built in Bristol and sailed from it, Liverpool reaped the fruits of the invention, obtained the mail contract and the bulk of the American trade. In quite recent years a more energetic policy has actuated the citizens; they have purchased the two docks at the mouth of the Avon, and improved the old harbour. A considerable trade has sprung up in provisions from Canada and the United States, in grain from the Black sea, timber from Norway and America, and petroleum from America and Russia; while the old imports of wine, oil, and fruit, are still poured in from France, Spain, and the Mediterranean, with the remnant of the sugar trade from the West Indies.

We have here attempted to notice only one side of Mr. Hunt's excellent work, but other phases are equally interesting. He has brought accurate topographical knowledge to bear on a place where, above all others, topographical considerations have ruled its history; and he has made the most of local authorities, though he has not scrupled to overthrow many local illusions. The maps are clear and valuable, and the whole forms a most lucid account of one of the historic towns of England.

AMERICAN DOCUMENTS.*

IN this conveniently-sized volume Mr. H. W. Preston has printed thirty-four of the most famous documents that illustrate the history of the United States, beginning with the Charter founding the London and Plymouth Companies for the colonization of Virginia in 1606, and ending with the declaration of the emancipation of the slaves in 1863. A few words of introduction prefixed to each document point out its special importance, and refer the reader for further information to some of the best modern writers who have commented on it. Although it is probable that each student of American history will find some things left out that he would have included, and some inserted that he would have left out, it will readily be allowed that the editor has exercised good judgment in the selection he has made. Among the many matters of interest contained in the Charters to the Colonies may be noted the provisions in the Maryland Charter, vesting in the Roman Catholic "proprietary," Lord Baltimore, the right of building and presenting to churches, chapels, and oratories, consecrated according to the ecclesiastical laws of England, and conferring on him powers that amounted to the virtual sovereignty of the country, fealty and homage alone being preserved to the Crown; and in the Rhode Island Charter the sketch of the circumstances which led to the foundation of the colony, and the full liberty of conscience in matters of religion expressly allowed to the colonists. The text of the New England Confederation of 1643 shows how utterly unconscious the framers of the articles were of any "great principle" underlying their work, though the absence of all reference to the Home Government is not without significance. Along with Franklin's Plan of Union are given his own notes, which exhibit the grounds on which each clause was adopted by the Commissioners of the Colonies, and in some cases the objections that were urged in debate. The period of the War of Independence is illustrated by several documents, and the Constitution of the United States is printed at length, together with all the amendments that have been appended to it since 1787. As regards the plan of this volume, it would, we think, have been well if the formal and unimportant parts of some of these papers had been left out or briefly expressed. This would have allowed space for the insertion of other matter, without entailing the sacrifice of anything that is worth preserving, and might have been managed so that the reader could have seen at a glance where any compression had been applied. In all cases a note should have been given stating where the original of each document is preserved, and the source from which it has been printed here.

FOUR NOVELS.†

THAT "Ouida" has many sins in the literary line to answer for is undoubted, and not the least of her misdeeds is that she has founded a school of writers who, without the power of imitating their founder's charm—such as it is—are yet possessed of a most unfortunate talent for copying her weaknesses. It is an axiom in political economy that no supply can exist for long without a corresponding demand, so presumably there is some kind of appreciative public for the oft-told tale of the brazen

* *Documents Illustrative of American History—1606-1863*. With Introduction and References. By Howard W. Preston. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *Sex to the Last*. By Percy Fendall, Author of "Spiders and Flies" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

Garrison Gossip. By John Strange Winter, Author of "Army Society," "Boodle's Baby," "Houp-là!" &c. London: White & Co. 1887.

Woodland Tales. By Julius Stinde, Author of "The Buchholz Family." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.

Amor Vincit. By Mrs. Herbert Martin, Author of "Bonnie Lesley" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

cocotte of good family; the passionate villain of high and generally foreign birth; the h-less, but virtuous, parvenu; the idiotic *ingénue* whom every man adores and every woman envies; and last, but not least, the blue-eyed, golden or tawny-haired, and extremely fatuous hero, whose strength, if any, must be in his hair, for no other discoverable virtue can the most painstaking research assign to him. But even of incessant partridge one can tire at last, and, honestly, we have had enough of these well-worn puppets. If their vice and vulgarity were even amusing—*passé*. But when their development can be foreseen almost from the first chapter, it is worse than immoral, it is a bore! *Sex to the Last* is a case in point. The heroine, a nameless waif adopted for sentimental reasons by a rich young man, and then by the parents of a deceased schoolfellow, *nouveaux riches* of the type seldom seen off the boards, miracles alike of domestic virtue and vulgarity, of course falls in love with, and marries, the wrong man; who, equally of course (and really, judging Mr. Gordon Wray's conduct with strict impartiality, small blame to him!), gets mortally tired of her, and flirts wildly with the first woman he comes across. A wonderful Russian prince, whose chief merits seem to consist in an anything but clean record, and the possession of a marvellous villa on the outskirts of Paris which is persistently alluded to as his "Tour de Nesles," makes fierce love to the neglected fair one, and being repulsed with insular and decidedly ferocious propriety, determinately sets himself to ruin her character, so that she may be divorced by her husband, and have no refuge but himself, Prince Semionovich. By dint of forged letters, and the indescribably foolish conduct of his victim, the Russian succeeds, and the book closes on a particularly disagreeable scene, in which Mrs. Wray, having been tricked into meeting Prince Semionovich, finds out the truth, and after a most offensive interview, the lady, like a modern Lucretia, takes poison and dies, imploring her betrayer to convey her message of forgiveness and love to—her husband. And this farrago of unpleasant nonsense we are expected to accept as a fair picture of daily life, and apparently the natural consequences of a woman loving her husband. Needless to say, the style matches the story, while all three volumes bristle with French idioms (?) and trite commonplaces which are supposed to become original and sparkling wit by the simple process of translation into a "lingua-franca," compared to which the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe would be the purest Parisian. Probably the printer is responsible for such marvellous Gallicisms as "quand on aime l'homme et pas l'amour," varied later as "quand on aime l'amour et pas l'homme," or "abouti," "ingénue," &c., but one grows doubtful on the subject when encountering sentences like the following:—"We must sleep at Lucerne," he said, "there is no other way." "Yes; you at the Schweitzerhof, and me at the Nation," she said hastily. "Me and my husband are her only guardians," &c.; whilst relative and personal pronouns wander at large, utterly untrammelled by any old-fashioned deference to grammar (or for that matter sense), in a manner refreshing to contemplate in these days of School Boards and universal education.

"Mr. Winter's" *Garrison Gossip* cannot lay claim to immaculate grammar either; but, at any rate, his characters have so much in common with Lever's heroes that they carry one along, and their bright, cheery vitality helps to conceal any small errors of detail. Marcus Orford and his belongings, together with Sir Anthony Staunton and the rest of the Black Horse, are agreeable company enough; and "Mrs. Traff" is brought to show her best side so prettily that it is a pleasure to renew acquaintance with the little widow, who, as a member of "Army society," chiefly appeared in the light of a scheming intriguante; whilst the misfortunes of pretty Mrs. Farquhar, and the unjust suspicions to which her real goodness exposes her, are told in a manly honest fashion that robs the incident of most of its unpleasantness. Still, there is always danger in the resurrection of characters from other books, and now that Sir Anthony Staunton and Captain Orford are safely married we trust they will join "Bootles" and his charming "Baby" in the seclusion of their domestic felicity. We might also suggest that in this latest of a very amusing series of stories there is rather more brandy and soda than is absolutely required by the exigencies of *couleur locale*. But with all deductions *Garrison Gossip* may fairly rank with *Cavalry Life*, and the various other books with which "Mr. Winter" has so agreeably beguiled our leisure hours.

Woodland Tales is a collection of German stories and sketches by Dr. Julius Stinde, the author of *The Buchholz Family*, more remarkable for the excellence of the translation, which almost appears the original language of the book, than for the attractiveness of the tales themselves, which are pretty but morbid stories, in a Fouqué-and-water style, of a dreamy unworldly kind, and as different to daily life, seen by ordinary eyes, as the ideal high-flown German *mädchen* is from the real practical Teutonic *hausfrau*.

But for a really pretty and interesting story commend us to *Amor Vincit*. Mrs. Herbert Martin deserves public thanks for so dainty and wholesome a love-tale. There is no villain, and very little "passion," except in the old-fashioned sense of temper; but there is plenty of right good feeling and honest love, of the old sort, when we did not get so entangled with our passions and our neighbours' spouses, and when the breaking of the Seventh Commandment was not such an absolute necessity in our daily life as, judging by modern novels, it would seem to be at the present time. Dick Darlington's courtship is deliciously told, and makes it easy to understand how that somewhat brutal young Hercules

was ever after a better man for having known and wooed Lois Stanley. The whole book is so pretty and the plot so simple it would be a shame to discount its freshness in a few brief lines of notice, but to any one in search of pleasant employment for an hour or two's leisure, the adventures and constancy of the lovable heroine of *Amor Vincit* and her companions may be safely and unhesitatingly recommended.

THREE MEDICAL BOOKS.*

THE first twenty-eight pages of Dr. Gordon's little book are devoted to an attempt to prove that nothing useful to medical science has been gained in the past, or can be gained in the future, by "modern physiology." This contention is, perhaps, rendered slightly less startling by the discovery that, in the author's opinion, the terms "modern physiology" and "experiments on living animals" are synonymous. Even if we were able to accept as correct this very insufficient description of the field of work covered by physiologists of the present day, we should still be obliged to reject his conclusion with reference to its bearing upon the practice of medicine and surgery. His method of comparing evidence for and against the utility of vivisection is exceedingly curious. The evidence which he presents to his readers in favour of the benefits to be derived from this practice consists of three short paragraphs quoted from an article in the *Times* relating to Medicine, Surgery, and Therapeutics respectively. On the other side he marshals a large number of quotations from the writings of various authors. Many of these are beside the question, others are of very doubtful value, and others again convey a very different meaning to that which they would bear if read with the context. We must entirely demur to the statement, on p. 6, "that the chief advocates of experiments are non-medical men, and the chief organs which support that practice are non-medical journals." Dr. Gordon has no faith in the germ-theory of disease. We can go so far with him as to admit that it is still a theory and not at present an established fact. On the other hand, some excellent practical work has been done by those inspired by a belief in its truth. No one who has had an opportunity of watching antiseptic surgery, properly carried out, can doubt its superiority over all previous methods of treating wounds, or that operations can be undertaken, under the influence of the antiseptic spray, with comparative impunity which formerly afforded such a large percentage of deaths as to render them scarcely justifiable. The subject of inoculation with attenuated virus for the prevention of zymotic disease is still *sub judice*, but further investigations may not improbably lead to results highly beneficial to the human race.

Lupus is a disease justly dreaded on account of the terrible disfigurement which it not infrequently produces. The condition of the sufferer, whose features are seamed and scarred by extensive facial lupus, and whose appearance is often rendered still more repulsive by loss of the *ala nasi*, is indeed a pitiable one. Any suggestions which will enable the practitioner of medicine to check the progress of so fell a malady will be most acceptable to him, and we confidently recommend the little work of Drs. Harries and Campbell to his notice. The authors would (wisely we think) confine the name to those cases commonly known as *lupus exedens*, or, among the older surgeons, as "*noli me tangere*." They are of opinion that a bacillus, and a suitable soil in which to develop, are the essentials of the disease; but they are unable to tell us whether there is any constitutional condition rendering the tissues liable to the inroads of the parasite. They show, however, by reference to numerous cases, that the disease usually commences in tissues weakened by former injury. The treatment upon which they mainly rely is complete excision of any primary nodules which may exist, and dressing the ulcerated surfaces with a weak solution of corrosive sublimate, believing the utility of the latter to be due to its germicide properties.

Dr. Dobell is of opinion that, in the asthmatic paroxysm, the first disturbance of the respiratory acts arises from an arrest in the delivery up of oxygen by the hæmo-globin of the blood. He thinks that this hypothesis is "projected beyond and behind all other hypotheses," and may serve to harmonize those which have a rational *locus standi*. We do not gather that he has formed any definite theory as to the usual cause or causes of this arrest of performance of function as an oxygen-carrier by the hæmo-globin. It appears to us more probable that the non-oxygenation of the blood is a secondary phenomenon due to the supply of oxygen having been largely diminished owing to the imperfect renewal of air in the lungs. It is a widely accepted doctrine that the essential feature of an asthmatic attack is diminution of the calibre of the smaller bronchial tubes preventing the free passage of air to and from the air-cells of the lungs. We think this view well supported by anatomical and clinical observation. Whether the narrowing of the bronchial canals be due to rapidly occurring congestion of the mucous membrane lining them, or to contraction of the bronchial muscles, or to a combination of these causes, is a moot point. Whatever may be the exact pathological condition of the smaller bronchi

* *New Theory and Old Practice*. By Surgeon-General C. A. Gordon, M.D., C.B. London: Williams & Norgate.

Lupus. By Arthur Harries, M.D., and C. M. Campbell, M.D. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox.

On Asthma. By Horace Dobell, M.D. London: J. & A. Churchill.

during the asthmatic paroxysm, the causes giving rise to it are well known—namely, irritation of certain peripheral portions of the nervous system by physical or chemical agents. As examples of these we may mention irritation of the nasal mucous membrane by dust, pollen, sulphurous acid gas; impure conditions of the blood, as in scarlet-fever, gout, &c.; draughts of cold air falling upon various parts of the cutaneous surface: irritation of the gastric mucous membrane by imperfectly digested food; and last, though not least, irritation arising in the lining of the bronchial tubes themselves, as in bronchitis. With a knowledge of all these undoubted excitants of the asthmatic attack, it seems hardly necessary to suggest such an extremely hypothetical one as the "Tissues and organs requiring hæmo-globin in systemic capillaries to deliver up oxygen to histo-hæmatin." Although we are not prepared to admit Dr. Dobell's theory of the causation of asthma, we think his diagram representing the sequence of phenomena in an attack very ingenious and suggestive, and well worthy of careful study.

SIDNEY.*

TO a tolerably well-instructed reader who has not yet opened Mr. Symonds's *Sidney* the book may seem to incur something of the same antecedent disablement which fell upon the same author's *Ben Jonson* in a companion series. Sir Philip Sidney, famous as he is, is not exactly the person to fill one of these monographs, according to the idea usually entertained of them and justified by the original prospectus of this, their ringleader. His life was very short; and the whole of it, except his heroic death, was rather occupied by promise than by performance. His work in literature is not scanty; but it is not very voluminous, and it lends itself better to brief than to minute treatment. The extraordinary repute in which he was held by the time is a most interesting fact, but not exactly a text for a monograph of the kind. In short, Sir Philip is a person about whom it is easier to write a large book than a small one, to print documents and papers than to sum up.

But this first impression is in part deepened, in part rudely rebuffed, when the reader actually reads Mr. Symonds's singular opening to his volume. Being apparently under the impression that paradox may make up for lack of substance, he develops for a page or two this remarkable thesis—"The truth is that Sidney, as we now can know him from his deeds and words, is not an eminently engaging or profoundly interesting person." This is, no doubt, in a sense, "seeing the critic, and going one better." The hapless censor has said in his heart, "Sidney is an eminently engaging and profoundly interesting person, but I don't quite see that there is in him the particular stuff of a monograph of this kind." Mr. Symonds at once and almost by anticipation disables the censor's judgment—"Oh, dear no! Sidney is not an eminently engaging or profoundly interesting person." The triumph is, no doubt, considerable, but only momentary. The worst of the good horse Paradox is that he always makes the running too quick. For a little Mr. Symonds shoots ahead on him, but Criticism, a tough animal with a deal of bottom, creeps up again with the question, "Then, pray why do you write a book about him?" and wins hands down while Mr. Symonds is laboriously flogging Paradox, to make out that, after all, Sidney is eminently engaging and profoundly interesting. His task may be divided into two parts. In one part he is engaged in contradicting himself. He is certain, for instance, that any one surveying Sidney's life will say "this man was born to show the world what goes to the making of an English gentleman." From whence we infer that, according to Mr. Symonds, the pattern and model of an English gentleman is something neither eminently engaging nor profoundly interesting. We might, if it were worth while, twit Mr. Symonds with a score of other passages which go to show that his exordium is either a very idle paradox or a piece of thoroughly ill-considered judgment. It is less illiberal and more to the purpose to mention that, in order to fill out his book to the orthodox two hundred pages, he has had to devote nearly half of them to the three works—*Astrophel and Stella*, the *Arcadia*, and the minute *Defence of Poetry*—with extensive extract and much dissertation of a commentatorial kind that certainly has not been usual in the companion volumes of the series. But these are the sorrowful changes which await a writer who has a too ready pen, and who is too anxious to attract the public by baiting it with a lump of paradox. If Mr. Symonds had said the simple truth—that Sidney is the most interesting and engaging writer in English before Shakespeare except Chaucer, Spenser, and Marlowe; that the shortness of his life is made up by its unique interest and engagingness; that he has written some of the very best individual sonnets in the language and a collection which, as a whole, is scarcely inferior to Spenser's, Milton's, and Wordsworth's; that the *Arcadia* is a mirror for the whole course of Elizabethan history, and that, considering these things, he thought his subject worthy of a place with its fellows, nothing could have been said against him. Even as it is, much may be said in his favour. He has woven the facts into a readable and interesting history, his knowledge of Elizabethan literature enables him to deal well with Sidney's actual production, and his knowledge of Italian literature to deal well with the influences which were so powerful on his

author. He has, indeed, been compelled by want of matter to introduce some digressions, an unusual amount of extract, and a good deal of the kind of introspective comment (whether *Stella* was married before this and that sonnet, and so forth) which is, in our humble judgment, considerably more futile than the most futile inquiries attributed to the schoolmen. But much of this added matter is extremely interesting in itself, and the whole book is an interesting book. Without the unlucky proem, it would hardly occur to any one to find fault with it, even for its superabundance of divagation. But it is pity that such a writer as Mr. Symonds cannot treat a worthy subject without an unworthy paradox. There really would seem to be an idea afloat nowadays that without fine writing and topsyturvy crotchets there cannot be such a thing as literature. Meanwhile, the said literature goes on her own way quite regardless of either, and is amply justified of her own children.

MR. BETTS'S IDEA.*

SCIENCE has its tragedies as well as romance, and the story of Mr. Betts's Idea, when properly understood, is one that ought to bring down tears of sensibility like rain in July. It is told in outline by Miss Louisa S. Cook in the preface to a modest volume (with plates) which comes to us under the unpromising title of *Geometrical Psychology*, from the recognized source of books on mysticism, magic, "occult" science, and spookology generally. In order to have one's heart agreeably wrung by the sad history, it is not at all necessary to have gained a clear comprehension of the message which Mr. Betts has caused to be addressed to his fellow-creatures. In fact, it is perhaps easier to appreciate the tragedy before than after accomplishing that not inconsiderable labour; and it is certain that, if every one entirely understood Mr. Betts's speculations and grasped his Idea, there would be no tragedy at all. The purpose of the present observations is to indicate the melancholy charm which a perusal of Miss Cook's preface and a cursory inspection of the text and the pictures can fail to exercise only on the most callous.

Mr. Betts—Benjamin Betts—was educated a good many years ago, with a view to his becoming an architect. His studies, however, suggested to him that there was more significance in patterns than a careless world was apt to suppose. He therefore determined to live apart, studying what he calls internal truth. The general nature of internal truth will appear presently. Suffice it to say, for the moment, that the study of internal truth is both intricate and arduous, and Mr. Betts felt that a career of comparatively uninterrupted seclusion was essential to the furtherance of his design. This advantage he was so fortunate as to secure by being appointed—after a brief but obviously important sojourn in India "and the East"—Trigonometrical Computer to the Government of New Zealand. Unfortunately, and here the tragic element makes itself strongly felt, this seclusion cut both ways. On the one hand, it enabled Mr. Betts to make a number of observations, experiments, and discoveries which are probably of matchless importance and of incomparable interest. On the other hand, he grew, like the beasts that roamed over Alexander Selkirk's plain, "so unaccustomed to man" that he finds an almost insuperable difficulty in making other people understand him. That is the theme of the tragedy. On one side stands Mr. Betts, positively bursting with information about the universe, and what and how and why and where and when it, and everything in it, was and is and will be. He has found it all out, or at any rate put himself in the way of finding it all out, by attending to the significance of patterns. On the other side stands, lies, or grovels the human race, as anxious to receive Mr. Betts's news as Mr. Betts is to communicate it. And nothing prevents the wishes of both from being gratified except the one miserable fact that Mr. Betts has lost, through lack of practice, the art of making himself understood in writing. Could anything possibly be more annoying?

Of course it is not intended to be suggested that Mr. Betts has been stricken with dumbness, idiocy, or scrivener's palsy. But he has made several efforts to be intelligible, the failure of which is profoundly discouraging. When he had succeeded in drawing the first set of pictures, whereby he explains the universe, he sent them to Mr. Ruskin. Here, surely, if anywhere, he might expect an appreciative and sympathetic inspection. But it was not to be. Mr. Ruskin altogether failed to understand the pictures. He did not grasp the fact that they constituted an entirely new development of metaphysical science, and delivered himself of the excellent sentiment, but perfectly irrelevant answer, "that Art must be spontaneous, and could not be made mechanical." Disappointed by the sage of Coniston, Mr. Betts sent the results of his labours to his own sister. But Miss Betts had not the metaphysical or mathematical training which is a condition precedent to any hope of understanding Mr. Betts's Idea. If she had had the requisite training, it is feared that even that would not have been enough, for Mr. Betts had vainly imagined in his solitude that anybody could understand him, and that the "significance" of his pictures "was self-evident," and so at that period "his manuscript was devoted rather to the outpouring of the emotion which the contemplation

* *English Men of Letters*. Edited by John Morley. *Sidney*. By J. A. Symonds. London: Macmillan. 1887.

* *Geometrical Psychology; or, the Science of Representation*. An Abstract of the Theories and Diagrams of B. W. Betts. By Louisa S. Cook. London: George Redway. 1887.

of the spiritual evolution of man inspired in him than an accurate explanation of his system of symbology." The peculiar character of this emotion is not specifically described, but it may be plausibly surmised to be excessively beautiful and elevating, and more or less akin to that which inspires Mr. Herbert Spencer as he contemplates an Infinite and Impersonal Energy; or Mr. Frederic Harrison when he ponders concerning the past, present, and future of Humanity. The next person privileged to behold Mr. Betts's pictures was Mrs. George Boole. She was "much fascinated" by them, and made some references to them in her published works; but it hardly seems to have gone further. After this the diagrams were shown to the late Mr. James Hinton, generally credited or discredited with the invention of the word altruism; to the late Mr. Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society; and to "many artists." The result deserves to be recorded in Miss Cook's own words:—"All allowed that Mr. Betts appeared to have got hold of some idea; but to discover exactly what it was required more labour and time than men immersed in important work of their own could give to it." Last of all, the pictures were submitted to Mr. Julian Hawthorne. It does not appear that he published an account of Mr. Betts's Idea in the form of an "interview," but he intimated that it appeared to have "a human interest," as being "the life-work of an individual thinker," and that he (Mr. Hawthorne) was on the point of starting for America. The consequence of these failures of Mr. Betts's to convey his Idea is that Miss Cook, with some help from Mr. Finch, Q.C., and Mr. Mohini M. Chatterji, has done her best to explain what the Idea is and what is likely to come of it.

This is not the place in which to follow out Mr. Betts's Idea in detail. It must suffice to indicate its general nature, which is to the following effect. You may represent anything by lines and curves. But particular lines and curves represent some things much better than other things, and, in fact, given a line or a curve, or a collection of lines and curves, there will be something of which it is truly and naturally representative. For instance, a dotted circuit represents "abstract consciousness, or bare ego." "An ordinary line from the centre, the ego, outwards" represents sensation; and the same line, looked at the other way on, represents perception. These discoveries constitute the beginning of Mr. Betts's Idea. When you develop it, you find that any sort of person, or any sort of thing, is represented by some figure which can be drawn or imagined. When the principle is once grasped, it requires only attention and some knowledge of mathematics, with a constant adherence to the principles that all activity is polar, that all life is male or female, and that all the world is either east or west, to make a perfectly accurate symbolical picture of any soul, body, or other thing concerning which you have or require any information. Mr. Betts's life-work has consisted in the preparation of some two score of diagrams, for which Miss Cook has written the letterpress. It seems that in most cases the dispositions they represent are rather simple; but Mr. Betts naturally gets more complicated as he goes on. His pictures may be vaguely described as of two classes. The earlier ones are plane figures in black and white. They look a little like conventional spider's webs, the lines being curved instead of straight, with astonishing complications worked into them. The other sort are shaded and coloured, and of very various appearance. The most exciting has the appearance of an extremely deep wine-glass in the shape of an inverted cone, such as is sometimes used for sherry, with a quantity of red tape coiling spirally round the inside. It indicates a man—that is, it is a "male form"—and the red tape represents the coil of indeterminateness.

In the development of his Idea Mr. Betts has incidentally discovered much that is of importance. For one thing, he observed that when he had drawn figures representing people the figures were more or less like flowers. From this he has discovered that the same types prevail in human and in floral circles much more definitely than even poets have hitherto supposed. More surprising still, he has every reason to believe that all flowers have their counterparts among solar systems. This solar system has, he thinks, the form of a nine-petalled lily, and it is unquestionably a male solar system. When he says that it has that form, he does not mean that, if you magnified a nine-petalled lily sufficiently, it and the solar system would necessarily look the same, but that that is "the invisible form of the activities immediately concerned in its [the solar system's] production." Mr. Betts has also learnt a good deal about the five standing-grounds of human evolution. They do not seem exactly to correspond with the "rounds" of the Blavatsky-Paracelsus school of spookologists (whose trail is unmistakably over many of Mr. Betts's speculations); but the lamented Amiel might well have stood on the fourth of them, for its "motive" is "a yearning for union with the infinite."

An appendix contains excerpts from Mr. Betts's correspondence at large. They contain sentences like these:—"If you were a bright star in the firmament, would you be happy there without knowing all about your adjoining brightnesses and systems?" "A grain of sand has life, or it would not obey the law of gravitation." This, by the way, fully justifies those philosophers who object to the non-Austinian use of the word law. The next speaks for itself:—"Esoteric Buddhism appears to me to be the very book needed to complement my studies." Finally, we may cite one of which our humblest reader will immediately perceive the significance:—"I am firmly of opinion that all sickness and constitutional weaknesses are very quickening of spiritual impulse,

both to the patient and the others concerned; all the essentially human, as opposed to the animal, qualities are mainly strengthened, or may be so, and I think sickness might almost take the place in human evolution that natural selection does in the animal world."

THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.*

THE history of the Peace of Utrecht is one of those pleasing subjects which may be made as narrow or as wide as the ingenious author pleases. If he is a diplomatist in both senses of the word, or in either of them only, he may confine himself to the negotiations, and he will not want for matter. On the other hand, he may make the peace a peg whereon to hang a survey of European war and international politics between the time when Henri IV. prepared his plan for breaking down the military power of Spain and the day when France sank nearly bled to death by Louis XIV. The signing of the Peace is a great date in European history. It finished what the Peace of Westphalia began, and settled the greater part of the Continent into the condition which was destined to endure until the revolutionary wars. Mr. Gerard, though discursive enough, has not interpreted his title in the largest sense. His *Peace of Utrecht* is mainly occupied with the last war of Louis XIV. The introduction, which is a trifle rambling, shows that Mr. Gerard sees clearly that the war of the Spanish Succession was only a continuation of previous enterprises of the French kings, and that they again were exaggerations and amplifications of the policy of Mazarin and Richelieu, who in their turn were carrying into execution the schemes of Henri IV. But, though this may be deducted from him, it is not set out with any coherence or compactness, and his volume has accordingly much more the air of being a series of loosely connected sketches than a well-balanced narrative. The mere fighting is more to the fore than is obviously right in a history of a peace. You cannot make a peace except after a war, but in a history of a peace one expects to find the politics and the diplomacy more conspicuous than the fighting. Military matters make good reading, but on condition that they are written about with some knowledge and love of the scientific part of the game, or at least with that power of picturesque description which confers on history the interest of romance. Mr. Gerard is copious but not scientific, and when he wants to give a full description of a battle, as in the case of Malplaquet, he quotes Coxe by the page. This may be wise, but it does not tend to the originality of Mr. Gerard's book.

If it may be said without offence to a great and friendly nation, Mr. Gerard's is a decidedly American history. Now an American history—with here and there an exception—is a book compiled at second hand, and distinguished by a certain provincial tone when European Governments and societies have to be considered. Mr. Gerard seems to be as little able as Mr. Bancroft to forgive England for not being New England. His style is generally a kind of frieze, dull and colourless, but not offensive, with one glaring patch of shoddy dyed in aniline purple. The question of religious toleration is too much for Mr. Gerard, and he bursts forth upon it with pages of sentences destitute of verbs. Here, for instance, is a vision which passes before the eyes of Mr. Gerard, and is by him conveyed to the reader regardless of grammar:—

The Gnostics, with their sons and demi-urges, the Manicheans with their qualism and paraclete—the doctrines of Sabellius with his one essence, balanced by Arius and his triple division—the doctrine of the "Omoousios" affirmed as a fundamental truth under Constantine, and the "Omoiousios" upheld under Valens—the "double incarnate nature" of the Nestorians, maintained as an article of faith by the Council at Seleucia, and overthrown by the Eutychians, at the Council of Ephesus—the Pelagians with their innate goodness of man, condemned as a heresy by the Councils of Carthage and Ephesus, and upheld, as true doctrine, by the Council of Diospolis—Cassian and his followers denying the necessity of "inward preventing grace" and his opponents upholding that it was a *sine qua non*.

All these persons did what? In the voluminous page of Mr. Gerard they come to a full stop, and that is all, their verb having got lost in the stirring free fight which is going on among them, no doubt. In the general way, however, we make out that they surprise and afflict Mr. Gerard by much breaking of heads, and also serve to introduce the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This piece of folly and bad faith Mr. Gerard denounces with righteous indignation, but with some incoherence of metaphor. As a piece of eloquence, we cannot commend this sentence:—

In the meanwhile [*i.e.* while the Huguenots were being driven out to fight and work for foreigners] remote from this Golgotha of tears and blood, the festivals, amid the rustic enchantments of Marly and the gilded halls of Versailles, went on; and the jewelled and spangled throng revelled as of yore—the fiddlers of Lulli played their lively strains—opera and mask and theatrical display, gay intrigue, piquant satire, and the lively epigram beguiled the hour—and courtier and smirking Jezebel, and debased sycophant flattered and grovelled before the sceptred idol whose fortune was deemed Divine, and the chimera called "Glory" hovered about his sacred head.

This is style, with an adjective. What, however, is to be expected from a gentleman who calls St. Simon "flippant"? It is only just to say that these explosions of eloquence are rare in Mr. Gerard, and that, as a rule, he plods along without offence to

* *The Peace of Utrecht*. By James W. Gerard. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

grammar. Towards the close we should have preferred to find a little more precision in Mr. Gerard's views as to the merits of the Treaty of Utrecht. He halts more than a little between contradictory opinions. For a few pages together he seems to hold that it was a bad treaty, and made in a disgraceful fashion. Then he drops that as a violent party view, and seems to lean to the opinion that it was a good treaty, and that England having fulfilled her share of the bargain, was in no way bound to go on fighting for the interests of the House of Austria alone when France had been so effectually beaten down as to be no longer dangerous. On the whole, he inclines to this last theory—under protest, however, against giving the Tories any credit for doing the right thing; for Mr. Gerard objects to Tories apparently, because they are very unlike anything in New England, and, therefore, damnable. He says nothing about the betrayal of the Catalans, which was undoubtedly a disgraceful business.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is an almost inexhaustible field for the bookmaker (we do not now use that word in its worst sense) in the manners and customs of other times, especially those of the European middle ages, in respect of which documents are abundant, and which have the attraction at once of likeness and unlikeness to our own. M. Franklin (1) has in these two volumes (which he might easily extend, and perhaps means to extend, to twenty) made a fresh exploration of the old sources, not without considerable success. Much of what he has given is, of course, not new to the student or even to the tolerably omnivorous general reader. But everybody is not a student, and as the generations of general readers succeed one another, there is no reason why each should not have its set of general writers to correspond. The more particular subjects on which M. Franklin has exercised himself are advertisements and other modes of courting custom, the Cries of Paris, the history of etiquette, and that of some minor details of costume and manners in France.

The letters of Lieutenant Normand (who was killed two years ago in the disastrous attack on China by France) have not undeservedly reached a second edition (2). Written originally to his parents, his old messmates, and so forth, they are quite informal, and there are a few repetitions in them. But they are natural and interesting, and a not unworthy memorial of one of the promising young officers whom France lost in a contest as little creditable as it was successful, but who did their duty not the less well and valiantly.

M. Boutmy's sketch of English constitutional and political history (3) exhibits very curiously the merits and the defects of the usual French treatment of such things. He has really grasped some general lines of his subject, and has followed them out with boldness and success. He is, for instance, undoubtedly right in saying that the further democratization of English institutions, whether it does good or harm, must in the long run at least entirely destroy the springs of national life and prosperity hitherto, and throw away whatever advantages England has formerly had. But in not a few of his details the rash spirit of assumption and the neglect of verification which so often mar the style appear abundantly. It would take long to explain to M. Boutmy the intense ludicrousness of his remark, for instance, on "la déference des copyholders pour la gentry"; it would take still longer to show him how dangerously wide is the construction he puts on such a phrase as Mr. Disraeli's "the two nations." But, as we have said, the defects are almost inevitably connected with the qualities, and the general view as taken by a foreigner of ability and reading is valuable.

M. Bigot's account of his visit as a delegate to America (4) adds one more to a considerable list of books by Frenchmen on the United States—books showing the curious naïveté which exists under the apparent sophistication of the French character. It is ingenious, benignant, a little patronizing, and, let us say, in order to be quite polite, not so much distinguished by knowledge or intelligence as by other qualities so amiable that they almost make up for the absence of these.

There is a good deal of the same simplicity in M. Fallot (5), whose account of parts of Algeria and Tunis is filled with a delightful patriotism. M. Fallot's conviction that the conquest of the Kroumirs was a "brillant fait d'armes" is so genuine and amiable that it must touch the hardest heart; and we, at least, do not speak sarcastically when we say that this naïf patriotism seems to us infinitely more respectable than the state of mind of our Illingworths and Pictons.

Mr. Crane is Professor of the Romance languages in Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., and his volume is a good deal more creditable to that institution than the works of some of his brother professors who need not be named. *Le romantisme français* (6) is not an ambitious book, being simply selections from Hugo

(who has nearly half the volume), Musset, George Sand, Balzac, Mérimée, Gautier, and Sainte-Beuve. These selections are prefaced by a good introduction, giving short biographies of the writers and a brief sketch of the movement, and by a list of books to consult (which is painstaking, but has some omissions); while they are followed by thirty or forty pages of notes, in which we have not observed any mistakes, though some are perhaps a little superfluous. As for the selections themselves, Professor Crane has wisely not attempted to go out of his way to find new beauties, but has given most of the principal and best-known things. His book ought to be very useful in America, and it is not exactly to be replaced by any book of the kind that we know in England.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Marquess of Huntly's record of a recent tour—*Travels, Sport, and Politics in the East of Europe* (Chapman & Hall)—is partly a reprint from the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Aberdeen Free Press*. Much of the political review is concerned with certain phases of the eternal Eastern question that are already portions of the historical past. The real political interest of the traveller's notes is to be found in the chapters on Georgia and the Caucasus. Though by no means friendly to the Turkish Power, Lord Huntly is a candid critic of Russian policy. He moralizes on the wasteful expenditure incurred by the fortification of Kertch, and gives a striking picture of the paralyzing influence of Russian administration in Batoum. That "free port" is nothing better than "a large bonded store," a place to entrap the unwary, where everything is allowed free entrance, and nothing goes out without the exaction of very heavy dues. All through the Caucasian provinces Lord Huntly notes the blighting effects of military despotism. Vast sums are spent on barracks and the like; while the splendid resources of the country are neglected, agriculture is in a woe condition generally, and private enterprise meets with every discouragement. Happily the author found plenty to admire while travelling between the Euxine and the Caspian—crossing the Caucasus, journeying from Tiflis to Vladikavkas, visiting ancient Georgian monasteries, and catching fair glimpses of Elbruz and the Promethean mount, Kasbek or Kazbek. In Albania and Corfu Lord Huntly seems to have enjoyed fair sport with wild duck and snipe, and had some exciting encounters with "pigs" in the deep ravines of the Albanian coast; but his experience of the Crimean highlands was less happy. Here, on the wooded uplands of the Chatyr Dag, the hunters of red deer were forced to content themselves with roebuck. The Tartar is apparently nothing of a sportsman and a ruthless exterminator of the nobler game.

"The Book-Lover's Library" would fail to make its title clear if it did not include some dissertation on the theme congenially treated by Mr. H. B. Wheatley in his "Chapter in Literary History," *The Dedication of Books* (Elliot Stock). Prefaced by a brief and pleasant essay, this little volume comprises a choice selection of characteristic dedications, ancient and modern, which may claim to be representative of English literature, though, of course, many famous examples that are omitted will occur to every reader. As separate chapters are devoted to the enigmatic inscriptions of Shakespeare's sonnets, and the dedications of Dr. Johnson, the like distinction might properly have been accorded to the dedications of booksellers. This section of the subject is scantily treated by Mr. Wheatley.

The new volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine Library* (Elliot Stock) contains the first half of Mr. G. L. Gomme's classified collection of articles on Roman remains and inscriptions, the importance and value of which are adequately illustrated in the admirable introduction of the editor. It was needless, perhaps, to warn the reader that much of the material recorded is the work of unscientific explorers. Those ancient allies of Mr. Sylvanus Urban were obviously keen observers, wanting neither in diligence nor enthusiasm, and possibly the less liable to prejudice and theory because their "science" was slight. The evidence of their accuracy and honesty is indeed overwhelming, and Mr. Gomme refers with justifiable satisfaction to Huebner's faith in their work.

The third volume of Lady Burton's edition of her husband's *Arabian Nights* (Waterlow & Sons) is carried on to the Fifth Voyage of Sindbad. The treatment of the original translation is eminently judicious. The sequence of the book and the translator's notes are practically unimpaired by the necessary expurgation; and these handsome, well-printed volumes form the first literal version with any pretence to completeness that is within reach of the general public.

Lord Randolph Churchill (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is a study of English Democracy by Mr. John Beattie Crozier. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer is measured by the standard of eloquence established by the debates of "Coger's Hall," and is found grievously wanting. "A third-rate Coger" is the author's estimate of Lord Randolph Churchill's oratory; nor is his judgment more favourable when he deals with the career of the statesman. Mr. Crozier supports his views with much ardour and conviction. There is a good deal of force in his contention that democracies worship mere smartness and the tinsel clink of phrase-mongers, and are insensible to the finer qualities of speech and impossible critics of statesmanship. Mr. Crozier's little book shows decided critical capacity.

Under the title *Pilocereus Senilis* (Sampson Low & Co.) we

(1) *La vie privée d'autrefois*. Par Alfred Franklin. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Lettres du Tonkin*. Par R. A. L. V. Normand. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Le développement de la constitution et de la société politique en Angleterre*. Par E. Boutmy. Paris: Plon.

(4) *De Paris au Niagara*. Par Ch. Bigot. Paris: Dupret.

(5) *Par delà la Méditerranée*. Par E. Fallot. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Le romantisme français*. Edited by T. F. Crane. London and New York: Putnam's Sons.

have a reprint of lectures and addresses by Dr. Moxon, all of which merit a wider audience than the past and present students of Guy's Hospital, for whom they are designed. The Hunterian address on Biology and the Physician and the admirable paper on Alcohol and Individuality are as wholesome and inspiring now as when first published; while the delightful "Protest against Butter-milk" is even more opportune now than in 1876.

In a volume of light, brief essays—*Common-Sense Science* (Boston: Lathrop)—Mr. Grant Allen skims the suggestive depths of science and nature and metaphysics with a facility that is gay and pleasant to contemplate, if not very productive of thought or thinking.

Mr. Bannow's *Guide to Emigration and Colonization* (Walter Scott) is somewhat grandiloquently styled "An appeal to the nation." It is really something better than its promise; for it contains a good deal of useful suggestion and practical advice. From the same publisher we receive a fairly representative selection from Pope, edited by Mr. Hogben, in the "Canterbury Poets" series, and a little book of verse by Mr. J. J. Beresford, entitled *Last Year's Leaves*, in which we cannot find anything to make us hopeful of this year's crop. Of some fifty sonnets, the best is one addressed to the poet of Grongar Hill. In one we find Mr. Gladstone likened to Delilah and about to "shear the giant's locks," the giant being the Union.

The fourteenth half-yearly volume of the *Papers* of the Southern Historical Society, of which the Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., of Richmond, Va., is the secretary, contains several interesting contributions to the history of the War of Secession. Altogether, the volume is rich in historical material. One of the most important papers gives an exhaustive account of the fortification and siege of Fort Hudson. Colonel Allan's review of General Longstreet's *Century* article on the first Maryland campaign is another narrative which the future historian cannot afford to neglect.

In a third edition of his *Rambles and Studies in Greece* (Macmillan & Co.) Professor Mahaffy adds a new chapter on a visit to Sparta, and some interesting prefatory remarks on the development of Greece and the work of nature in obliterating the labours of excavators.

The Innocents Abroad is added to the "World Library" (Routledge & Sons), and Mr. Haweis records his opinion of the author as second to Ward "as a side-splitting wag," and second to Bret Harte "as a sensational writer." This is a short view of the author of *Huckleberry Finn*. One of the most delightful volumes in "Routledge's Pocket Library" is *The Luck of Roaring Camp; and other Sketches*, by Mr. Bret Harte, with an introduction and glossary by Mr. Tom Hood. The "Gossiping Glossary" will be useful to English readers; but the editor is incorrect when he identifies the "buck-eye" with the horse-chestnut. One variety, at least, of this common American tree (*Pavia rubra*) is not uncommon in English gardens. The selection from Michael Drayton—*The Barons' Wars* &c. (Routledge & Sons)—is a welcome addition to "Morley's Universal Library."

Translations of Plato may possibly be in demand since Mr. Bright's discovery of the philosopher in Professor Jowett's version. Mr. Fisher Unwin issues three well-printed volumes of selections, entitled *Socrates, A Day in Athens with Socrates, and Talks with Socrates about Life*, the two first being sixth and third editions of what appear to be American publications.

Glennie's Illustrated Garden Almanac (Ward, Lock, & Co.) celebrates its jubilee this year, and contains, in addition to its monthly calendar of work, tables of crops, and other useful features, a well-written article by the editor on tobacco culture in Great Britain.

Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston have issued a handy *Colonial and Indian Atlas*, with a useful index and descriptive key, the whole designed to set forth in portable compass the total area of British possessions in the world. We have also received from Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday a new and enlarged edition of the *Church Missionary Atlas*, the maps of which are admirably engraved, the letterpress and statistics authoritative and valuable.

Among our new editions are the Rev. J. Iverach's *Is God Knowable?* (Hodder & Stoughton); and Mr. Tarbuck's *Handbook of House Property and Fine Art* (Crosby Lockwood & Co.)

We have received the *Catholic Year-Book* for 1886, edited by Mr. John Oldcastle (Burns & Oates); the fourth edition of *Cardinal Manning*, a biographical sketch by Mr. John Oldcastle (Burns & Oates); Mr. Edward Walford's *Jubilee Memoir of Queen Victoria* (Diprose & Bateman); Mr. H. J. Prye's *Dis-establishment* (Richardson); a fifth edition of Mr. W. T. Lynn's *Celestial Motions*, a handbook of astronomy (Stanford); the *International Journal of the Medical Sciences* for the present quarter (Cassell & Co.); Part I. of *A Text-Book of Euclid's Elements*, by Messrs. H. S. Hall and F. H. Stevens (Macmillan & Co.), and Poynter's *Drawing for the Standards*, a series of designs approved by the Science and Art Department (Blackie & Son).

Messrs. Relfe Brothers forward several new educational publications. *The Combination Exercise Book* for analysis and parsing is admirably adapted to the requirements of class-teaching. *The German Exercise and Copy Book* and the *Spelling Series of Copy Books* are good specimens of their kind.

We have received from Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. several packets of Easter Cards, for the most part in various devices of crosses and flowers combined. The flower-painting is in all cases good, and most of the designs are in excellent taste.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—FAUST. To-night at Eight o'clock. Mephistopheles, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Margaret, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Box Office (Mr. J. Hunt) open 10 till 5. Seats booked by letter or telegram. THIS THEATRE will be CLOSED for FIVE NIGHTS next week, from Monday, April 4, to Friday, April 8, inclusive, reopening Saturday next April 9.—LYCEUM.

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SOCIÉTÉ D'AQUARELLISTES FRANÇAIS.—The French Water Colour Society will hold an EXHIBITION of their WORKS in the GOUPIAL GALLERY, 116 and 117 New Bond Street, during this month. Over Three Hundred Water Colour Drawings by the chief French Artists will be exhibited.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The Ninety-eighth ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Willis's Rooms on Wednesday, May 4, at Half-past Six for Seven precisely.

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The Secretary will be glad to send tickets to any gentlemen who wish to attend the Dinner.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ENDING APRIL 9.

Monday, April 4, Evening Ballad Concert with Recitations.
Tuesday, April 5, Entertainment.
Wednesday, April 6 (Cheap Wednesday), Popular Concert (no extra charge). Special Evening Dramatic Performance, "Pygmalion and Galatea," under direction of Mr. Oscar Barrett. Illuminated Promenade.
Thursday, April 7, Entertainment.
Friday, April 8 (Good Friday), Grand Sacred Concert. Vocalists: Miss Anna Villiers, Miss Annie Marriott, Madame Paley, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foll. Illuminated Promenade, and Evening Concerts by Full Band of Grenadier Guards. Conductor, Mr. Dan Godfrey, by permission of officer commanding.
Saturday, April 9, Saturday Concert. Illuminated Evening Promenade and Concert.
Daily, Orchestra and Organ Aquatics, Skating Rink, Panorama, &c.
Admission to Palace, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, One Shilling each day; Wednesday, Ninepence; Saturday, Half-a-Crown before 5 P.M.; One Shilling after 5 P.M.; or by Season Ticket.

THE HIBBERT LECTURE, 1887.—A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES ON "THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF RELIGION AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE BABYLONIAN RELIGION," will be delivered by Professor SAYCE, of the University of Oxford, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, on the following days:—Monday, 10th, and Wednesday, 27th April, and Monday, 2nd, Wednesday, 4th, Monday, 9th, and Wednesday, 11th May, at 5 P.M. Admission to the Course of Lectures will be by ticket, without payment. Persons desirous of attending the Lectures are requested to send their Names and Addresses to Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORDEY, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., not later than April 21, and as soon as possible after that date tickets will be issued to as many persons as the Hall will accommodate.

The same Course of Lectures will also be delivered by Professor SAYCE, at Oxford, at 2.30 P.M., on each of the following days:—Monday, Thursday, 27th, and Saturday, April 29, and Thursday, 5th, Saturday, 7th, Thursday, 11th, and Saturday, May 14. Admission to the Oxford Course will be free, without tickets.

PERCY LAWford, Secretary to the Hibbert Trustees.

CAUTION.—THE AUTOMATIC WEIGHING MACHINE CO., Limited, of No. 47 Cannon Street, London, hereby give Notice, that LEGAL PROCEEDINGS will be taken against all Persons or Companies MAKING, USING, or DISPLAYING AUTOMATIC WEIGHING MACHINES, which may be imitations or infringements of the Machine made under the Company's Patent, and that the said Company or the undersigned Solicitors will pay a REWARD of £20 to any Person who may give information which may lead to a conviction for an offence under the Patent Laws against the Company's Patent.

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NEXT SESSION begins Tuesday, May 24.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPER'S HILL, STAINES.

The course of study is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, or the Colonies. FIFTY STUDENTS will be admitted in September 1887. For Competition the Secretary of State will offer Fifteen Appointments in the Indian Public Works Department, and Two in the Indian Telegraph Department. For particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

RADLEY COLLEGE—SIX SCHOLARSHIPS (four of £50, one of £30, one of £20) will be competed for in June next. Candidates must have been under fourteen on the 1st January, 1887.—For further particulars, apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, near Abingdon.

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The NEXT TERM will commence on Monday, April 11, 1887. Applicants for admission must send examples of their work before April 9.

CHAS. H. THOMAS, Secretary.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

Coxton Street, S.W.

The SUMMER SESSION COMMENCES May 1. A SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIP, value £40, is offered for Competition. The Examination will be in Chemistry (organic and inorganic) and Physics, and will be held on April 30. In September ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £60 and £40, will be offered for competition. Students entering in the Summer except those who have already obtained a scholarship are allowed to compete for the Entrance Examinations in the following September. Fees, £100 in one sum on entrance, or 100 Guineas in two payments, or £115 in five payments. No extras except parts for Dissection and Class of Experimental Physics. For prospectus and particulars, apply to

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ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The SUMMER SESSION WILL COMMENCE on May 2. The Hospital contains 200 beds, is situated in one of the most pleasant districts of London, and is in direct communication by rail with all parts of the Metropolis. Several Scholarships in Natural Science will be offered for competition in September. Students entering in May are eligible to compete for these scholarships. Special classes are held for the preliminary scientific examination of the University of London. Fee £10 10s., which will be returned to any member of the class who enters as a perpetual pupil. Gentlemen who enter for this course count their medical studies from the time at which they commence their attendance on the lectures on Anatomy and Physiology.

The School Buildings, to which large additions were made in 1863, especially as regards the laboratories for the teaching of Physiology and Chemistry, have been further enlarged this year by the addition of a wing, containing a new Library, Pathological Laboratory, with arrangements for Bacteriological research; and various class-rooms for Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry. In the Students' Club a large Dining Hall and Reading Room have been added.

The course of teaching at this school insures careful and complete preparation for all the examining boards, the public services, and the higher University examinations. In addition to the clinical instruction and lectures given in the wards daily, distinct clinical lectures will be given on Fridays throughout the academic year at 4 P.M.

The medical, surgical, and obstetric tutors assist the students in preparing for the final examinations.

Post-Graduate Course.—These lectures and demonstrations are given on Saturdays at 4 P.M.

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Anal Surgeon.—Mr. FIELD.

Surgeon in charge of the Department for Diseases of the Throat.—Mr. NORTON.

Surgeon in charge of the Department for Diseases of the Skin.—Mr. MALCOLM MORRIS.

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Physician in charge of the Electrical Department.—Dr. DE WATTEVILLE.

All the Medical appointments in Hospital, including the seven House-Surgeons, are open to pupils without additional fee or expense of any kind.

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GUYS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The SUMMER SESSION commences on Monday, May 2.

The Hospital contains, besides the beds for Medical and Surgical cases, Wards for Obstetric, Ophthalmic, and other special departments.

Special Classes are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examination of the University of London and other examining Boards.

Appointments.—The House Surgeons and House Physicians, the Obstetric Residents, Clinical Assistants and Dressers, are selected from the Students, according to merit, and without payment. There are also a large number of Junior Appointments, every part of the Hospital Practice being systematically employed for instruction.

Entrance Scholarships.—Open Scholarship of 125 Guineas in Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages. Open Scholarship of 125 Guineas in Chemistry, Physics, Botany, and Zoology.

Students entering in May are eligible for the Open Scholarships competed for in September. Seventeen Scholarships, Prizes, and Medals, varying from £50 to £100 each, are open for competition to all the students.

The Hospital is in close proximity to the Metropolitan, District, South-Eastern, Brighton, Chatham, North London, and Great Eastern Railway systems.

For Prospectus apply to the Dean, Dr. F. TAYLOR, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.

March, 1887.

GUYS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL—OPEN

SCHOLARSHIPS.—A Scholarship of the value of 125 Guineas will be offered for Open Competition on Wednesday, September 28. Subjects of examination:—Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages. A Second Scholarship, also of the value of 125 Guineas, will be offered for Open Competition on the same day. Subjects of examination:—Inorganic Chemistry, Physics, Botany, and Zoology. For further particulars apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.

The NEXT TERM opens on Monday, May 2.

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Villas, Bayswater.—Mr. E. C. EDDRUP, M.A., late Exhibitioner of St. John's College, Cambridge, and late Assistant-Master at St. Paul's Preparatory School, West Kensington, prepares BOYS for the Entrance and Foundation Scholarship Examinations at St. Paul's School.

Arrangements have been made for the Pupils of this School to have the use of the large Recreation Ground of the West Kensington School on half-holidays for Cricket, Gymnastics, &c. The School will Re-open for Midsummer Term on Tuesday, April 20.

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WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up VACANCIES on the Foundation and Exhibitions will begin on June 14.—For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

JUBILEE SCHOLARSHIPS.

CHATHAM HOUSE, RAMSGATE.
Twenty ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, ranging in value from £15 to £40 per annum, will be awarded on April 21.—For particulars, apply to the Rev. E. G. BAKER, The College, Ramsgate.